MARCH 5, 1976 75 CENTS
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

New Times®

IS PATTY LYING?

BILL & EMILY HARRIS' EXCLUSIVE STORY: TWENTY MONTHS UNDERGROUND WITH PATTY

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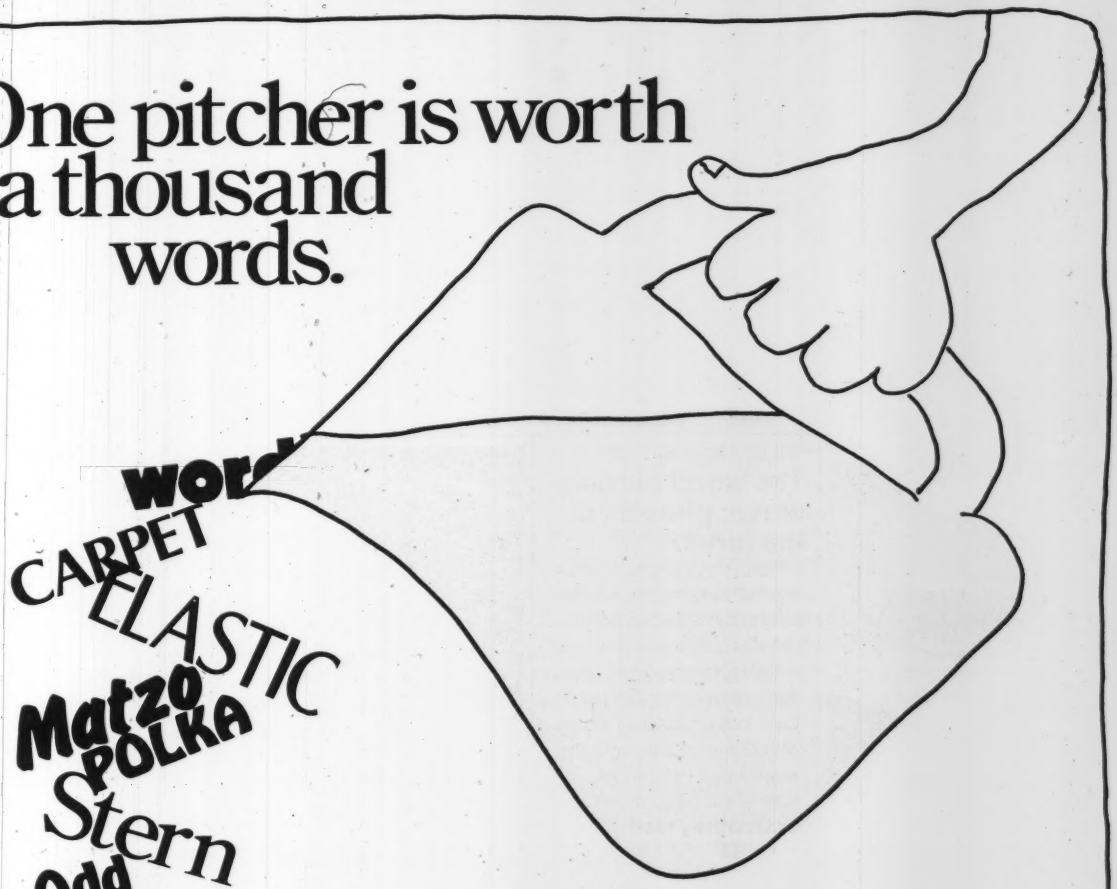
Winston Box fits more than my pocket.

Winston Box fits the way I live. It goes where I go. So the taste I want always goes with me. A lot of cigarettes come in a box, but only one has real taste. For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg "tar" 1.3 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT '75.

One pitcher is worth a thousand words.



Needless to say, no ordinary pitcher would be worth anywhere near 1,000 words, let alone such good ones as "pentadactyl."

But this is a pitcher filled with Jose Cuervo Margaritas, better than which you will find nowhere in the whole world, including Kansas.

You can make such a pitcher by combining ice, 2 cups of Cuervo, 2 cups of Triple Sec and a cup of lemon juice. This will give you 10 Margaritas and one Harold.

Well, that's about it.
Aren't words fun?

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New Times

MARCH 5, 1976
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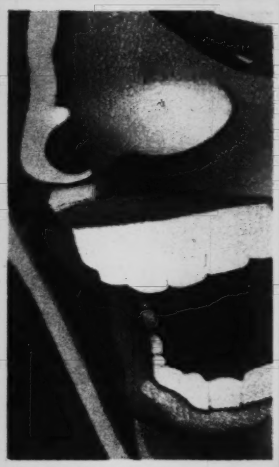

TOP OF THE NEWS

Twenty months with Patty/Tania

One account has been missing from the pile of reports on the kidnapping and conversion of Patty Hearst: the story of Bill and Emily Harris, Patty's only surviving SLA comrades. In this exclusive article, the first of two parts on the SLA, the Harrises describe the Patty they remember: the devoted revolutionary who concealed her identity while literally in the arms of the police, the lover of SLA member Willie Wolfe who wanted to avenge his slaying by murdering a cop. Only they and Patty know what really happened—and their vivid story contrasts sharply with Patty's testimony at her San Francisco trial.

By Bill & Emily Harris
As told to Susan Lyne and Robert Scheer
Page 18

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

The wood burning stove: phoenix of the forest

Of late, many Americans, tired of singing the fuel bill blues, have rekindled an old love affair with the wood burning stove. One convert here recites the joys, but warns that those who fail to reckon with the wood fire's risks most surely will get burned.

By Geoffrey Wolff
Page 38

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THE ARTS

Laughing all the way to the gallows

As a child, Lina Wertmuller outraged the fascist inspectors. As one of Italy's most prominent directors, she has shocked moviegoers with her perverse sensibility, outraged feminists with her sledgehammer vision of the male/female struggle and baffled those who would try to categorize her as a political filmmaker. And all the while, she's been savoring the effects, happy her films "are reaching the people."

By Marjorie Rosen
Page 44

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM ZIMBEROFF/PLEDGE

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Fulminations
Our writer spars with the miracles of technology.
By Larry L. King
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The Insider Page 14

REVIEWS
Movies: Hollywood babble-on
Tinseltown is busy hawking its own gilded history.
By Richard Corliss
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Music: Dion comes wandering back
He's no teenager in love anymore, but then his SRO audiences aren't either.
By Janet Maslin
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Television: *Mary Hartman*, the 66 44/100% pure soap
Fans and stars alike are wondering: Is Norman Lear's new series the real TV soap or merely the mock?
By Tom Nolan
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Books: Cracking and mending and cracking. . .
Three authors explore the craggy terrain of madness.
By Geoffrey Wolff
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Final Tribute
Ernesto Miranda
By Mark Goodman
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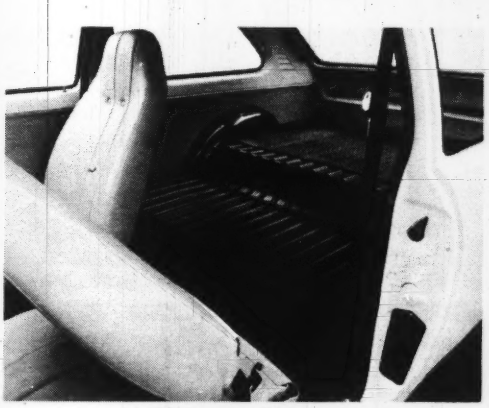
What's the world come to when a backseat is considered optional equipment?



The 1976 Chevette.
The new idea from Detroit.

As incredible as it may seem, on the 1976 Chevette Scooter, for your $2,899,* you don't get a backseat. You get a space where a backseat could go. If you want a backseat, it costs you an extra $199.

It's part of a trend in the auto industry. Things that people once considered important to the design and safety of a car are now considered luxuries.

On many cars, radial-ply tires are now optional. Padded steering wheels are optional. Power-assisted brakes are optional. Even day/night rearview mirrors are optional.

And many of the things that make a car look better are anything but standard.

For example, on the standard VW Rabbit, armrests, vinyl interior trim and vinyl seats, and bright metal exterior trim, and carpeting are yours. But only at extra cost. They've even left off the rubber pads on the brake and gas pedals. Those are optional, too.

On the standard Chevette Scooter, the door panels are embossed cardboard and the bumpers and hubcaps aren't aluminum or chrome. They're metal painted gray.

Why are we telling you this?

Because even today a few cars still give you a great deal of standard equipment for your money. And we're happy to say one of them is Fiat.

On the standard Fiat 128, our least expensive model, the door panels are vinyl not cardboard. The seats are vinyl instead of cloth. The bumpers are aluminum and rubber instead of painted metal. There are front door armrests. Passenger-assist handles. An electric windshield washer. A day/night rearview mirror. All standard.

Radial-ply tires, which cost $100 to $200 extra on many cars, are standard on the Fiat. Power-assisted front disc brakes are standard. Rack-and-pinion steering is standard.

And then you get things standard on the Fiat you couldn't get on most cars even as options: front-wheel drive, 4-wheel independent suspension, a transverse-mounted overhead cam engine.

Instead of a long list of options we give you a long list of standards.

Now that you know all this, we hope that when you go out to buy a car you'll take the time to figure out the real price of the car, the price that includes everything you want on it. And that you won't fall for the stripped-down price on the sticker. It will save you a fortune. And it's been known to make us a few customers.

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

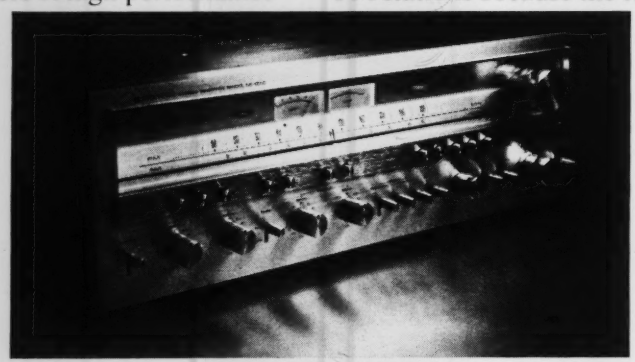
*1976 Manufacturer's suggested retail price POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional. Fiat car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

PIONEER HAS DEVELOPED A RECEIVER EVEN THE COMPETITION WILL ADMIT IS THE BEST.

One look at the new Pioneer SX-1250, and even the most partisan engineers at Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui or any other receiver company will have to face the facts.

There isn't another stereo receiver in the world today that comes close to it. And there isn't likely to be one for some time to come.

In effect, these makers of high-performance receivers have already conceded the superiority of the SX-1250. Just by publishing the specifications of their own top models.



As the chart shows, when our best is compared with their best there's no comparison.

To begin with, the SX-1250 is at least 28% more powerful than any other receiver ever made. Its power output is rated at 160 watts per channel minimum RMS at 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

And, for critical listening, no amount of power is too much. You need all you can buy.

To maintain this huge power output, the SX-1250 has a power supply section unlike any other receiver's, with a large toroidal-core transformer and four giant 22,000-microfarad electrolytic capacitors.

But power isn't the only area in which the SX-1250 excels. The preamplifier circuit has an unheard-of phono overload level of half a volt (500 mV). This means that no magnetic cartridge in the world can drive the preamp to the point where it sounds strained or hard. And the equalization for the RIAA recording curve is accurate within ±0.2 dB. A figure unsurpassed by the costliest separate preamplifiers.

Turn the tuning knob of the SX-1250, and you'll know at once that the AM/FM tuner section is also special. The tuning mechanism feels astonishingly smooth, precise and solid.

FM reception is loud and clear even on weak FM stations because the tuner combines extremely high sensitivity with highly effective rejection of spurious signals.

Of course, the Pioneer SX-1250 carries a price tag commensurate with its position at the top. But if you seek perfection you won't mind paying the price.

If, on the other hand, you'd mind, look into the new Pioneer SX-1050 or SX-950. They're rated at 120 and 85 watts, respectively, per channel (under the same conditions as the SX-1250) and their design is very similar. In the case of the SX-1050, virtually identical.

That means you don't just come to Pioneer for the world's best.

You also come to us for the next best.

For informational purposes only, the SX-1250 is priced under $900. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

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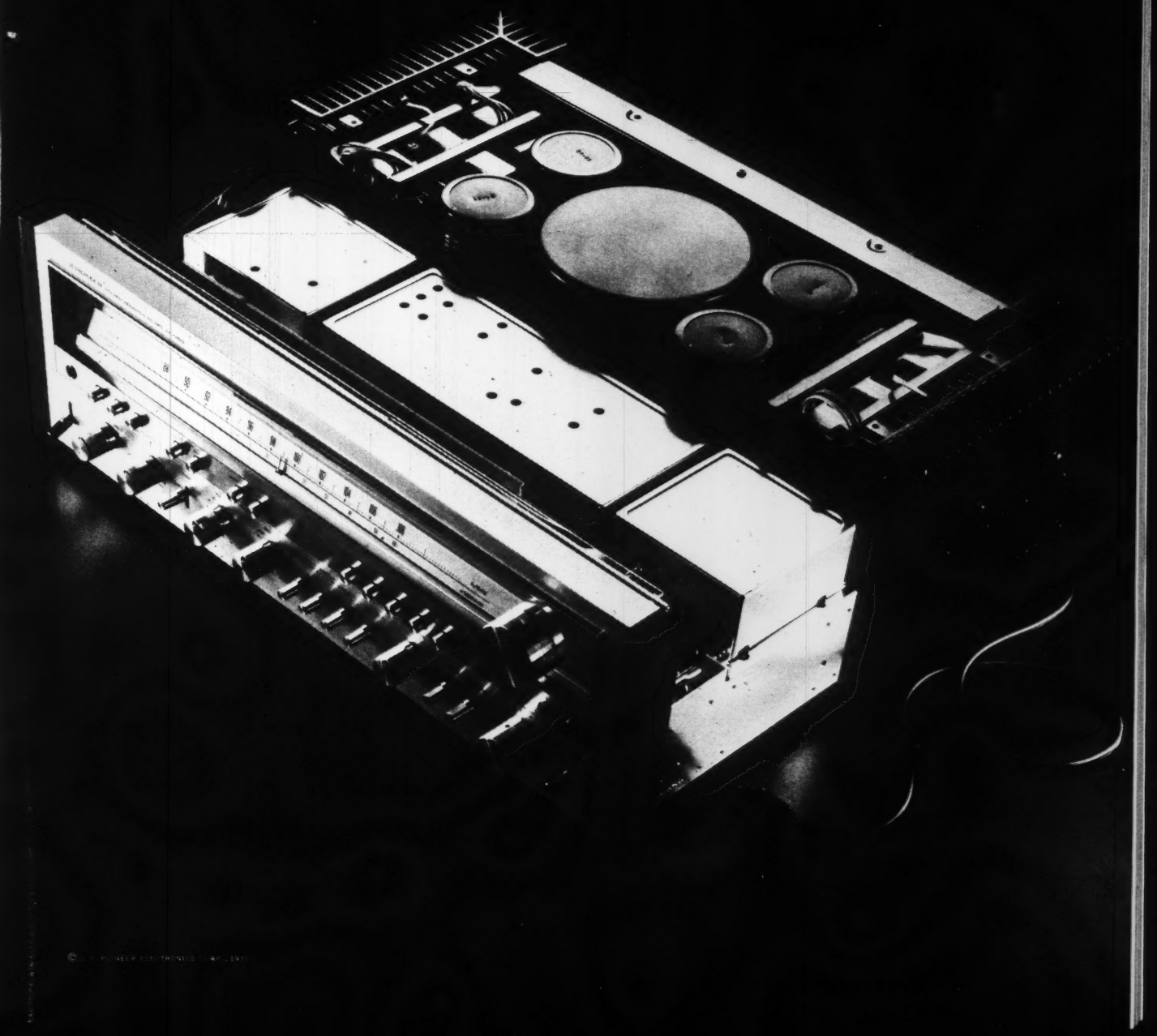
TOTAL HARMONIC DISTORTION	0.1%	0.15%	0.1%	0.2%
PHONO OVER-LOAD LEVEL	500 mV	100 mV	210 mV	200 mV
INPUT: PHONO/AUX/MIC	2/1/2	1/1/no	2/1/mixing	1/1/mixing
TAPE MON/DUPL	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes	2/yes
TONE	Twin Tone: Bass-Bass-Treble-Treble	Bass-Mid-Treble	Bass-Mid-Treble	Bass-Mid-Treble
TONE DEFEAT	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
SPEAKERS	A,B,C	A,B	A,B,C	A,B,C
FM SENSITIVITY (IHF '58)	1.5 μV	1.8 μV	1.7 μV	1.7 μV
SELECTIVITY	90 dB	80 dB	80 dB	85 dB
CAPTURE RATIO	1.0 dB	1.25 dB	1.3 dB	1.5 dB



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Behind The Scenes

Last December, attorney Leonard Weinglass approached Robert Scheer, whom he knew from the Pentagon Papers trial, with an interesting proposal: His clients, SLA members Bill and Emily Harris, were looking for an outlet for their own version of the Patty Hearst saga and the history of the SLA—a magazine that could pay competitive rates and guarantee that the material would not be mangled or sensationalized. Scheer, our West Coast Editor, suggested *New Times*, and called Editor Jon Larsen, who gave him the go ahead to make an agreement.

Robert Scheer and Susan Lyne wait in the prison anteroom before meeting the Harrises.

Deciding to buy the Harris story was the easy part—their account would make an invaluable part of the record of a drama that has gripped the country for two years. But getting the story was something else. To begin with, the Harrises are being held under the kind of maximum security usually reserved for Charlie Mansons and Sirhan Sirhans. When they were first moved from San Francisco to the Los Angeles County jail, four blocks were cordoned off to protect everyone's safety, in spite of the fact that the heaviest charge against them is assault with a deadly weapon. When a reporter shows up to interview them, they have to be moved to a neutral area under double and triple armed guard—which the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department insists costs the taxpayers more money, "and times are tight now." Interviews are normally limited to 45 minutes, and must be recorded with pencil stubs handed out by the sheriffs. In order to get enough time and proper conditions to interview the Harrises, Weinglass and Scheer obtained a court order allowing three-hour sessions with tape recorders, on the grounds that *New Times* would be the Harrises' only media outlet. Scheer enlisted the help of Susan Lyne, until recently an associate editor at the now defunct *City* magazine in San Francisco. Over the next two months, they compiled 380 pages of manuscript—about a third of it written out by the Harrises themselves, and the rest transcriptions of 14 hours of taped interviews.

At the beginning, the Harrises were extremely reluctant to write or say anything critical of Patty. Asked at one point early on what she thought Patty might say in court, Emily answered, "I don't want to be in a position right now of saying that she's going to snitch us out. I really don't." But events were moving fast, and by the time Emily received a copy of that interview for editing, Patty had already implicated not just the Harrises, but several others outside the SLA who had allegedly come to her aid. When she came to her defense of Patty in the transcript, she penciled in the margin, "ha ha!" Finally, their faith in Patty broke completely. Toward the end, Bill shook his head and commented, "you know, it's not so much a crying shame as it's a real pisser."

The final week, Scheer and Lyne holed up at the Chateau Marmont in Hollywood with Editor Jon Larsen to put the story together. Larsen's wife Wendy, who had flown out to visit her family, suddenly found herself managing a rather large office, coordinating transcribers, getting broken tapes spliced, overseeing typists and arranging for "runners" to go to the jail. Just hours before the *New Times* contingent was due to fly back to New York, a knock on the door interrupted a final breakfast of bagels and cream cheese. On the other side were two LAPD detectives with guns drawn. Larsen, who had read half of *Helter Skelter* on the plane out, turned green. It turned out that a private detective had been murdered the night before, carrying a business card with the room number of the *New Times* suite penciled on the back. To make matters worse, the detectives said they knew *for sure* that the room number had been written just two days before. Very strange. The murder is still unsolved, but Larsen, who had just been listening to Scheer tell of numerous CIA burglaries while he had been editor of *Ramparts*, had a humorous explanation: "Look, people know we have been talking to the Harrises, and some people want to know what they are saying. This guy had an assignment to break in and get the story. Only, as it turned out, he got knocked off on another job first."

George A. Hirsch

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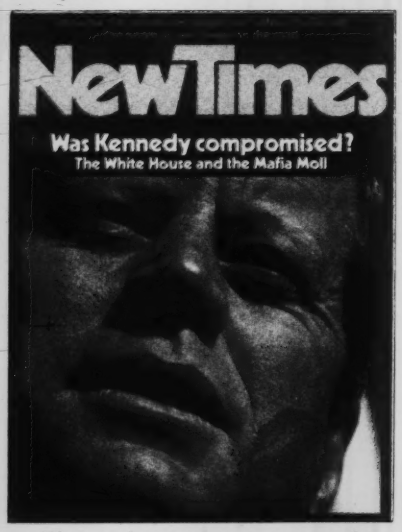

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After NEW TIMES, other magazines are going to seem pretty mild. Newsweek said, "The magazine has shown a particular knack for picking up on hot stories that others tend to drop after the first flash." The Los Angeles Times called us "brash, irreverent and surprisingly literate."

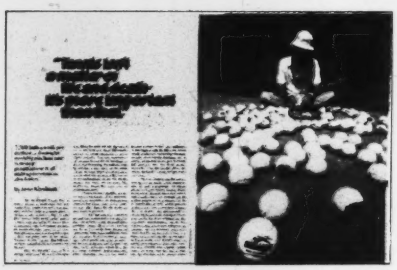
William Safire in the New York Times says we're "the magazine that has an adversary relationship with the world." According to the Washington Post, we're "a new national news magazine of storytellers." To good old Time Magazine, we're "impetuous."

So be it. NEW TIMES makes things happen. We aren't afraid to tell all the truth we can get our hands on. We turn over rocks. We make waves. We yell bloody murder. Troublemakers? You're damn right.

Remember, folks you saw it first . . .

A lot of NEW TIMES stories were firsts. Newsbeats. Scoops. Sure you read about them in other magazines. Afterwards.

We were the first national magazine



to reveal the link between the CIA and the Mafia. We were the first to go underground and interview that protean fugitive, Abbie Hoffman. (Among those who wondered how we found him—the FBI.)

The new wave of doubt about the JFK assassination started in NEW TIMES, with stories like the one that showed there had to be several Oswalds. We were the first national magazine to tell the world those little aerosol cans could be the death of us

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all. We put est (Erhard Seminars Training) in the public eye. We reported the murder trials of Peter Reilly and Joan Little long before they hit the front pages. And so it goes.

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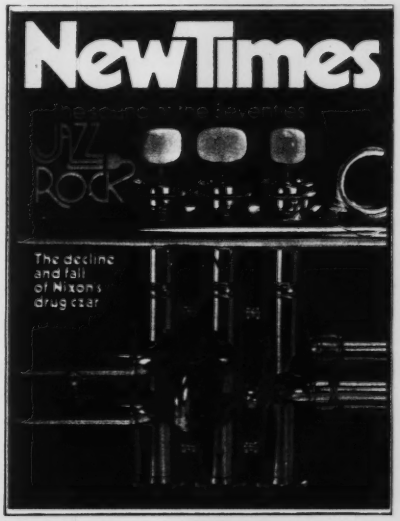
NEW TIMES, more than any other magazine, is plugged into now. It's the magazine of what's happening, and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and all manner of rare new ideas.

We investigated the medical benefits of marijuana . . . tried to make sense of the Psychobabble that's drowning us all . . . dissected the Great American Bicentennial Sale . . . dug into the yearly orgiastic revels of a country fair . . . looked into what happens when single grandparents are forced to live in sin to avoid losing their pensions . . . ran the first-anywhere story on doctors who sell their patients to hospitals for kickbacks . . . found the real Mr. Goodbar of the singles' bar murders . . .

Throughout 1976, we will be bringing you fresh, in-depth coverage of the Presidential campaign, stories such as Robert Anson's week with Ronald Reagan and Marshall Frady's 20,000 word exegesis on the Democrats. And of course, in every issue we're catching rock, movies, books, fads, and fatuities with the kind of brash, fresh viewpoint you aren't going to find in the other magazines.

If you really care what's happening in America in 1976, you're going to get into NEW TIMES.

The lucky thing is, if you act fast you



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Women who murder

Female murderers fall out of the legal system all along the way from investigation to conviction because male officials cannot believe women are violent

By Janet Kole

NewTimes

The Feature News Magazine

UPWARD MOBILITY FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY...THE LIVELY DATSUN 710.

Would your family like to move up in the world?

We say more power to you—the power of a responsive 2000cc overhead cam engine that's made this family-size Datsun 710 National SCCA racing champ 2 years in a row.

But upward mobility requires more than power. You need social graces, like this Datsun's wall-to-wall nylon carpeting, its contoured bucket seats and custom instrumentation. How about a pedigree? Datsun has a background of more than 40 years building today's size cars.

Of course a family's future is important, too, and Datsun takes care of that with a solid, unibody construction that's put together to stay together for years to come. Down the road, you can count on nearly 4,000 factory-trained service technicians coast-to-coast to service your car wherever and whenever necessary.

Maybe some *saving graces* are in order. How about these: 33 MPG on the highway and 23 in the city. (Those are EPA mileage estimates with manual transmission. Your MPG may be more or less depending on the condition of your car and how you drive. California figures may vary slightly.)

Why not take the whole family out to visit a Datsun dealer now? Size up all the 710 models — 2- and 4-Door Sedans, the 5-Door Wagon and the sporty Hardtop. You'll find yourself moving up in the world—fast.

Datsun Saves

America's #1 Selling Import.

Men and machines

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

Monday

The man said my bank couldn't permit me to withdraw $150. "Have you been embezzled?" I asked a bit louder than necessary. "Were you robbed overnight? Have your vaults been violated?" Bankers grow nervous in the presence of such talk. This one shushed me frantically. I told him that within the past ten days I'd deposited three checks totaling $4,780 and, even though a drinking man, much doubted that I might be overdrawn.

The banker took my plastic card and fed it to a small machine. The machine winked blue and red numbers at him. He smiled in relief. "Yes, your deposits have been received. But not yet collected." Beg pardon? Well, see, the check had not yet cleared: It required five to seven "working bank days" for deposited checks to turn into real money. The banker smiled as if such news somehow might please me.

"Look," I said. "You have more than $5,000 of my money. I want a mere $150. Gimme." He said I didn't understand the system, and again ran my card through his machine. "You're right," I said. "I don't understand. Gimme my money." He spoke of cash-on-hand and a clearing house in, I believe, St. Louis. "Nickles, dimes or quarters," I said. "Just gimme my money." The man recycled my plastic card in the blinking machine and cried, "Don't you see? *The machine won't let me!*"

I said that a dagfunking machine unable to process good checks into real money in less than ten days didn't deserve to be heeded, took too many long holiday weekends and could go suck a lemon. This speech attracted spectators in ratio to its rising decibel level. "I am arousing public opinion against your slupwuking machine," I told the banker. "Gimme my money." Amazingly, he did. This knowledge he apparently shared with the machine, which began such rowdy rattlings and red-light blinkings it appeared the banker had won 50 free games. He was attempting to soothe it as I left, money clutched in my hand.

Wednesday

My television awoke snapping, crackling and popping like breakfast cereal. Its color faded in and out. It manufactured snow and horizontal bars. It rolled and pitched and bucked. It buzzed and hummed. I have seen better performances by junkyard TV sets.

"This is the fourth time in five weeks," I said to the man on the telephone, "that you good folks have

ILLUSTRATION BY JERRY ZIMMERMAN

been required to *re*-repair my television set. I gave it to you good folks for minor surgery, and you good folks returned it with an incurable disease. If you good folks do not get over here immediately for corrective repairs, I shall mess up you good folks' faces."

At the sound of the repairman's footsteps in the hall, my TV set gave itself a miracle cure. I have never seen better color or a sharper picture; never heard a better tone. The TV repairman flicked the dial all around. Perfect. "Honest," I said. "It hasn't played a lick. It's been out of focus, sometimes totally dark, it rolls and hums. . . ." I trail off, knowing—in the words of the Willie Nelson song—that the words don't fit the picture. The man did not linger through my full apology.

No more had the elevator disappeared than my TV set suffered a major relapse. I clattered down the stairs, breathlessly collared the TV repairman, whisked him back upstairs. Where, we agreed, neither of us ever had seen a TV set in such mint conditon. The TV man looked meaningfully at the tall, iced glass in my hand. "Orange juice," I stammered. "Pure orange juice." He said, "Hoss, you ever want to sell this here little beauty I'd like first crack at it." Before the day was out my picture box suddenly gurgled, whined, popped, and since has remained cold and dark. I know it's dead—it has no pulse—but I fear its resurrection should I report its demise.

Thursday

The bank's fugdaggin' machine sent a print-out showing that although it had not yet cleared my latest deposit, it had paid off 11 checks I wrote at a penalty of only $5 each. One of the checks I wrote was for $2.89, another for $3.13. I do not think this is how John D. Rockefeller made it.

Friday

My vacuum cleaner bursts into flames. I rush for a fire extinguisher which refuses to be tugged from its moorings. The apartment fills with noxious, acidy smoke as I stomp and beat the fire. I throw open the windows and escape into the cold; when I return, the heating system has failed. Front desk personnel regret that it's a weekend but promise a repairman first thing Monday. The vacuum cleaner, a $200 item, expired before reaching its first birthday; my apartment, at $550 monthly, provides heat only when I wrap myself in blankets.

Saturday

All I need now is for my typewriter to break.

The Black Caucus rates the Democrats
How sex saved Paramount $100,000

EDITED BY
TONY SCHWARTZ

The Insider

Politics

Polling the Black Caucus

An informal *New Times* poll reveals that a majority of the Congressional Black Caucus would like to see Hubert Humphrey get the Democratic presidential nomination. Most of the 17 caucus members are publicly uncommitted, but in private Humphrey sentiment is overwhelming. Among the announced candidates, Mo Udall, Fred Harris, Birch Bayh and Jimmy Carter receive favorable mentions, in that order.

Only six caucus members have publicly spoken in favor of a candidate. Chairman Charles Rangel (D-NY) is "impressed with Udall and Carter", while Andrew Young (D-Ga.) is supporting Carter, but also likes Udall and Shriver. John Conyers (D-Mi.) and Ronald Dellums (D-Cal.) favor Harris. Shirley Chisholm (D-NY) and Walter Fauntroy (D-Wash.,D.C.) lean to Birch Bayh, but will lead independent uncommitted slates to the convention. Robert Nix (D-Penn.) is uncommitted but is expected to support Milton Shapp.

Meanwhile, the Senate's only black member, Edward Brooke (R-Mass.), will be supporting Gerald Ford in the March 2 Massachussetts primary.

For whom the Bella tolls

The Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress has targeted for defeat 35 relatively liberal congresspersons it believes are particularly vulnerable in 1976. As part of its mass-mailing pitch, the Committee is making an issue out of any similarity in the voting record of the 35 legislators to that of outspoken New York congresswoman Bella Abzug. Apparently the group is convinced that its audience despises Abzug, for it even takes moderates such as Oklahoma's Glen English to task for "voting with Bella Abzug 27 percent of the time." We'd be willing to bet there are an awful lot of

Abzug: nemesis of the right

Republicans who vote with Abzug more often than that—and it makes the tactic seem not only of questionable ethics but also seriously misleading. Interestingly, though, Abzug herself is not among the Committee's 35 targets—her seat is believed too secure.

Calling a charade a charade

In case you have any lingering doubts about the pervasiveness of the CIA's influence overseas, consider the little noticed testimony of David Phillips, a recently retired CIA agent who is now president of the Association of Retired Intelligence Officers (ARIO). Phillips, who retired during a wave of criticism of the CIA, was testifying before Senator Abraham Ribicoff's Government Operations Committee. What, asked a senator, was Phillips doing for the CIA at the time of his retirement? Replied Phillips, in what we hope was a slip, "I was running 20 countries of the world."

A garden of earthly delights

Gaping tax loopholes for the wealthy are a dime a dozen, but occasionally that odd little provision known as the "itemized deduction" is constructed with the little guy in mind. One of the more bizarre such deductions is included in the Tax Reform Act of 1975, now pending before the Senate Finance Committee. It would allow a 7 percent tax credit "for the purchase of up to $100 worth of garden tools used in the production of home vegetable gardens." That may not sound like much, but there are 40 million home gardeners, so total deductions could reach $280 million.

All of which should keep the IRS on its toes. A garden tool, after all, isn't defined in the act. Question: Would an organic farmer be entitled to a tax credit on the cost of cow dung?

Fathers and daughters

The Nixon name is creeping ominously back toward respectability. There is, of course, the Peking invitation to the former president, which follows David and Julie's visit there recently. Less publicized is the recent fund-raising letter sent out to California Republicans under Julie Nixon Eisenhower's signature. The results prove that scandal notwithstanding, the Nixon name is still a draw. When the totals are complete, Julie is expected to have raised more than $100,000 for the party.

Julie Nixon: the name still draws

Suing Susan

As if prisoners didn't already have enough trouble expressing their grievances, a Massachussetts jail matron has seized upon libel law as yet another way to suppress dissent. The target is Susan Saxe, the revolutionary feminist facing murder charges in Boston in connection with a 1970 bank robbery, and two other

Saxe: now it's libel

female prisoners in the Worcester County Jail. They have been served with a lawsuit seeking $500,000 in damages on behalf of Kathleen Duesberg, a correctional officer at the jail. Duesberg alleges that inmates Diane Cloutier, June Hendley and Saxe "have participated. . . in a longstanding conspiracy to abuse, discredit and villify" her.

The unusual suit arises out of a letter published on December 27 in the Worcester Telegram and Gazette, alleging "brutal and inhumane" conditions at the jail, and claiming that Duesberg "has a serious drinking problem . . . and has repeatedly verbally abused and even assaulted inmates." Three officials of the newspaper were also named in the libel suit. In the event that it is successful, it's a fair bet that the media will tread that much more softly in giving voice to inmate complaints.

Seventies

Around the bend

American ingenuity may finally straighten out the leaning of the Tower of Pisa. A team of scientists at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has submitted to Italy's Commission of Vigilance for the Stability of the Tower a plan that would salvage the landmark. Although the present tipping rate has declined to a reported few seconds on an arc per year, Italy's government has long been stymied about how to halt the slow tilt.

The $2 million MIT plan calls for two steel cables anchored in concrete pads on the stable side of the tower, and connected to the tower to relieve compressions and tensions on its base. "Once the compression is relieved," explains astronautics Professor Yao Tzu Li, "the tipping will stop and the tower will enjoy physical stability indefinitely." Now what about Venice sinking?

The $100,000 performance

For the climactic scene of its $7.5 million Super Bowl disaster epic "Black Sunday," Paramount Pictures needed a huge crowd. In the film, Arab terrorists try to kill the President and other spectators at the game by blowing up the Goodyear blimp. To entice locals and tourists to Miami's Orange Bowl stadium, director John Frankenheimer ("The Manchurian Candidate") advertised in newspapers, promised prizes and managed to gather a crowd of 30,000.

But to the dismay of the moviemakers, heavy rains drenched the stadium on the morning set for the shooting. Although the cost of rescheduling was estimated at $100,000, the producers reluctantly concluded there was no other choice and dispatched assistant director Jerry Zeismer to the press box microphone high above the Bowl to disperse the crowd. He entered a stadium elevator with an unidentified female companion— and was suddenly struck by the chance to act out one of the most classic of fantasies.

Halfway up, Zeismer put the elevator on emergency stop and persuaded the young woman to provide him with an extended moment of pleasure. It was a fortuitous dalliance. By the time the couple finally reached the pressbox—14 minutes later—the rain had stopped. So Zeismer didn't have to make his announcement, the cameras rolled, and Paramount saved $100,000. Our kudos to the couple for a job well done.

Super Bowl: the climactic scene

Mind & Body

Young and high

Teenage drinking is a recognized problem, but until recently no one has attempted to quantify its dimensions. A just completed national study of 13,100 students in 48 states arrived at some disturbing conclusions:

—One out of every three boys in junior and senior high schools are moderate to heavy drinkers, consuming from 2 to 12 drinks a week. The same is true for one of every five teenage girls.

—One out of every four 13-year-olds drinks often enough and in large enough amounts to be classed at least a "moderate" drinker.

—Only 27 percent of all teenagers abstain altogether.

The study, financed by the government and conducted by the

Research Triangle Institute in Durham, NC, also pinpointed a place to begin attacking the problem: at home. It found a strong correlation between the heavy drinking habits of parents and their teenage offspring.

After the smoke clears

If you can't get yourself to quit smoking, there appears to be a way to significantly reduce the risk of developing lung cancer: Smoke no more than a pack a day of a low-tar, filtered brand, take short puffs and spend no more than three and a half minutes with each cigarette.

Those were the habits that researchers at the University of Louisville found were practiced by people who did not contract lung cancer after 20 years or more of habitual smoking. By contrast, the typical lung cancer victim smoked nearly two packs a day, took longer puffs and lingered over each cigarette for roughly five minutes.

"By taking the preventive steps you can probably cut the risk of lung cancer by 50 percent," concluded chief researcher Dr. William Anderson, a professor of medicine. "Of course the safest thing to do is not to smoke, but studies show that 80 percent of those who try to quit fail."

The findings do contain a catch, however, when it comes to filtered cigarettes. M.J. Wald, an Oxford, England, professor of medicine recently discovered, after examining mortality records in England and Wales between 1965 and 1973, a large increase in the incidence of death from heart disease. The trend paralleled a massive switch by British smokers from plain to filtered cigarettes, and the professor theorizes that the two developments are associated. The reason: By virtue of their nonporous wrappings, filtered cigarettes yield much more carbon monoxide than plain ones. The carbon monoxide, in turn, displaces oxygen in the bloodstream and places stress on the entire cardiovascular system—especially the heart.

Smoking: the faster the better

PostScripts

The grass is greener (*NT:* December 13, 1974)

Late in 1974, amidst a rash of dire warnings about the dangers of marijuana use, *New Times* asked leading researcher Dr. Richard Lance Christie to survey the existing scientific literature on the drug and sort out myth from reality. Lance concluded that not only were most of the drug's alleged dangers unprovable, but also that marijuana had demonstrable salutary effects on such maladies as asthma, migraines, menstrual cramps and psychic anxiety. Last month, a government-sponsored conference in New York City brought together some 100 investigators from ten countries, weighing in with 32 major new studies of heavy long-term cannibas use. Their overwhelming consensus matched Lance's: There is no evidence that marijuana is unhealthy.

Among the common myths that the studies exploded:

BRAIN DAMAGE: Twenty men in Athens who had smoked hashish for an average of 25 years scored as well on brain-function tests as a control group of short-term users in the U.S. Similarly, 20 longtime pot users in Costa Rica scored as high on a battery of IQ and personality tests as a control of 21 nonusers.

MOTIVATION IMPAIRMENT: In another Costa Rican study, heavy pot users were found to have higher incomes, lower unemployment and more stable job histories than occasional users. In Berkeley, a survey of 834 college students—examined and questioned in their freshman year and again two and a half years later—showed that dropout rates for chronic pot users and abstainers in the group were about the same.

Marijuana: the killer weed that doesn't

CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR: In Cairo, 850 men imprisoned for hashish use were compared to 839 inmates convicted of other crimes. The users were found to be less criminal and to have fewer violent crimes on their records. In California, no significant difference was found in the use of marijuana between a group of 165 youths convicted of assault or rape and a control group of 208 law-abiding teens. The only substance associated with violent behavior turned out to be alcohol.

POOR HEALTH: Sixty Jamaicans—half of them heavy, long-term cannibas users, the other half nonusers—were given an exhaustive battery of hospital tests. The overall health status of the two groups was nearly identical. A similar study in Athens involving 47 lifelong users and 40 nonusers revealed no significant differences in the health status of the two groups.

IMPOTENCE, INFERTILITY: In Costa Rica, 84 men who had smoked pot for at least ten years were compared to 146 nonusers. There were no significant differences between the two groups in measurements of testosterone levels or in apparent impairment of potency or fertility.

Correction

We'd like to correct a statement in our article on the San Diego Secret Army Organization (January 9). We reported that Howard Berry Godfrey appeared before the court of Judge J. Clifford Wallace, who agreed to drop charges pending against Godfrey if he went to work for the FBI. In fact, Godfrey never appeared before Wallace in court. Wallace, before he was a judge and while he was a lay church leader, was sought out by Godfrey for moral advice when he was approached by the SAO. It was some time later that Godfrey joined the SAO as an FBI informer.

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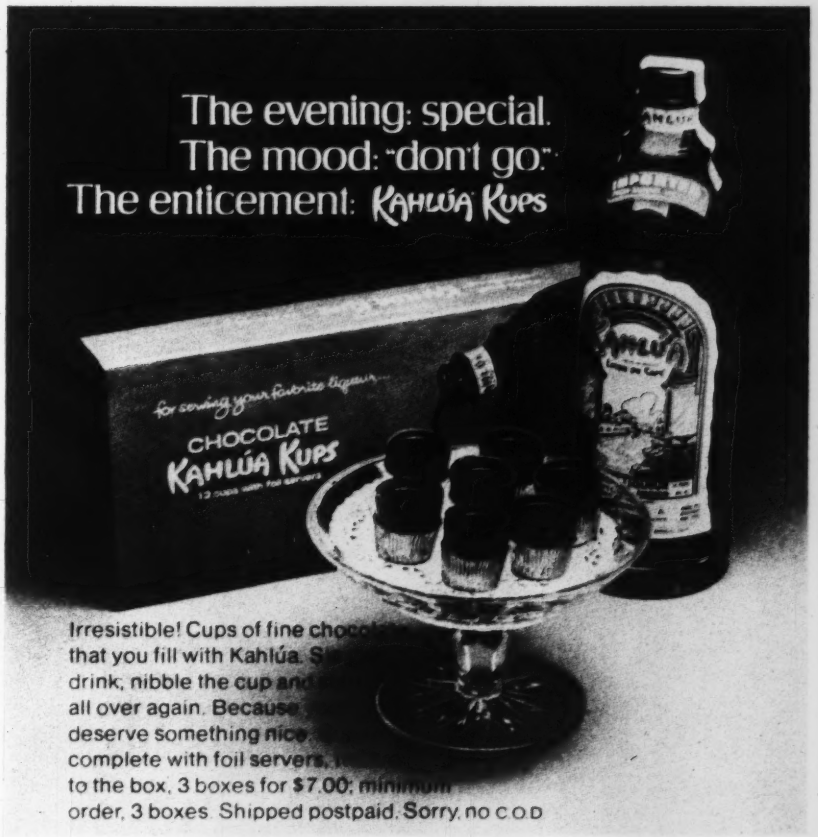
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Twenty months with PATTYANIA

By Bill & Emily Harris

As told to Susan Lyne and Robert Scheer

Introduction

A great deal has been written about Patty Hearst. The story of the kidnapped heiress who renounced her background and joined her revolutionary captors appeals to almost everyone, and almost everyone has a theory to explain how this pampered rich girl could have become an urban guerrilla. But all of the explanations have necessarily relied on FBI reports, circumstantial evidence or the speculations of a jilted boyfriend. They have had to depend on these sources, because no one who actually saw Patty in a SLA setting was talking. Most of the potential witnesses were slaughtered in the Los Angeles shootout that decimated the SLA; the surviving two, Bill and Emily Harris, kept silent, saying nothing after their capture last September, refusing to cooperate with the government in prosecuting Patty, remaining closemouthed even after the first reports of Patty's version began to trickle from her family and lawyers.

In the account that follows, which is the first of two parts, Bill and Emily Harris present their version of Patty Hearst's involvement with the SLA. They describe Patty's treatment after her kidnapping; her love affair with SLA member Willie Wolfe; her anguished and angry response as she and the Harrises watched the televised massacre of their comrades; and their 15 months together as the last SLA fugitives. The Harrises' recollections contrast sharply with Patricia's recent court testimony. The Patty they remember was neither a brainwashed convert nor a terrorized automaton: She was a young woman disillusioned with her privileged past, passionately committed to her new ideals. On several occasions, she could have escaped easily but chose instead to stay.

The second part of the series will trace the origins and history of the SLA, and discuss in full the assassination of Marcus Foster. This section of the story will rely not only on the Harris testimony, but also on interviews with two other SLA members—Russell Little and Joseph Remiro. Although imprisoned during the entire Hearst saga, Little and Remiro played important roles in the early days of the SLA and have unique insights into the group's actions.

Because the drama of Patty Hearst and the SLA has been clouded by so much speculation, the Harrises' account is presented here without editorial comment. They have a compelling tale to tell. Since it differs so substantially from Patty's testimony, the reader must decide: Which version has the smell of authenticity? Who is telling the truth?

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The kidnapping

Bill: I think she had just taken a shower when Cin, Willie and Nancy* first got there. She didn't have any clothes on, just a bathrobe and some panties. She told us that the person who was carrying her to the car had a gun slung over his shoulder and it swung around and hit her in the cheek; she got a bruise from that, but she was never intentionally hit or anything. The person who tied her and blindfolded her did kind of a sloppy job of it, and she was able to loosen the rope and free herself. She was defiant to some extent but not at all hysterical—no one had to mistreat her. It would have been a serious security problem if she had been raising hell while they were trying to get her securely moved into the Daly City safe house. But she was very cooperative. I'm sure she was scared, but outwardly she was very calm and everything went very smoothly. Weed was the one who really

*Editor's Note: "Cin" is short for Cinque, the revolutionary name of SLA member Donald DeFreeze. "Willie" is William Wolfe; his SLA name "Kahjoh" was often rendered in the press as "Cujo." "Nancy" is Nancy Ling Perry. Other SLA members referred to later in this account are Camilla Hall, Angela Atwood and Patricia "Mizmoon" Soltysik. All six of these people were killed in Los Angeles on May 17, 1974.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

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freaked out. Imagine the most blood-curdling scream, a scream that signifies utter terror. If he had cooperated with instructions to lie face-down on the floor, Cin wouldn't have beat on him but the guy thought he was going to be killed and he was scared to death, so he went wild running around the apartment. Patricia tells this funny story. She thinks that at first Steve thought people were there to rob them, so he kept saying, "take anything, take anything you want." And they took *her!* It really bugged her, you know. I'm sure he didn't really mean "take her," but it symbolized something about their relationship.

Emily: Willie and Mizmoon left Patricia's apartment in one car; they were about four blocks from where the kidnapping took place, and they pulled up to a stop sign. A police car pulled up next to them going in the other direction and rolled down the window. Willie rolled down his window, not knowing what was happening but knowing that they were minutes away from this action and that Patty was in the trunk of the car right behind them. The cop leaned out and said, "Hey, your lights aren't on," and they said, "Oh, thank you," and drove on. The people in the second car were ready to deal with him because they assumed that this guy was responding to a radio call—there had been some warning shots fired back at Patty's place to try to keep people off the street. But this guy hadn't heard a thing yet, and his first knowledge of it was probably when Weed stopped his car about a block further down. We always thought it was funny that Weed said he escaped, because he didn't. He was knocked unconscious and when he woke up he ran outside and flagged down that same pig car. I'm sure this dude later figured out what had happened because the car he stopped was eventually identified. He's probably thanking his ass that Willie and Mizmoon kept a cool head because he was in the worst position anyone could be—he was just a lone Berkeley cop, tripping along.

Bill: The SLA wasn't going to let one pig arrest a whole bunch of people who had just kidnapped Patricia Hearst (laughter). The kidnapping went surprisingly smoothly. The Berkeley police are known for quick responses. They have a small area with a lot of police circulating, and the station's pretty centrally located; as soon as the call's out, you can expect a prowl car to be around in a minute or so. So timing is very important. But if you can just get a block or two before they respond, before they know which way you went, it's hard for them to figure out where you are. A lot of Berkeley police travel one to a car, and there was already a report that someone was firing automatic weapons in that area. If you're a Berkely policeman and they tell you to go looking for a bunch of people with machine guns, what are you going to do? Are you going to be a John Wayne, or are you going to say "Fuck it, man, I ain't getting paid enough for this one."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM ZIMBEROFF-PLEDGE

Why the Hearsts? Why Patty?

Emily: There hadn't really been a revolutionary kidnapping in the United States so the SLA couldn't predict how much bargaining power that action would give them. The main demand—the food program—was conceived as a way to involve a lot of people in a guerrilla action—to have them take part in the results of that action so that revolutionaries could begin to be seen as a valid part of their everyday lives. Also, the food program was a test to see how the Hearst family would comply with demands—to give the SLA a basis for judging whether to demand Russ and Joe's release. That's why it was called a good-faith gesture. When the SLA saw the Hearsts' reluctance to even minimally comply with the $6 million food demand, they knew that getting Russ and Joe out

was unrealistic, and they felt it was important not to destroy the momentum created by issuing a further demand that the Hearsts would refuse to meet.

The third objective was to force a family that owned or controlled vast segments of the mass media to print revolutionary communiques and documents in full. As one of the main sources of information for people in this country, newspapers usually give only selected snatches of news unless they are catering to government needs. Revolutionary communiques are chopped up and printed with reactionary and distorted editorial analysis. The SLA wanted to demonstrate that if the pressure was right the media could be forced to represent revolutionary actions in such a way that people could judge for themselves.

Patty was chosen rather than her parents because the SLA thought that it would be more important to have influential figures like Randolph and Catherine Hearst on the outside, working to get a release, than to kidnap one of them. Also there was a parallel being drawn—Patricia Hearst was seen as a POW just as Russ and Joe were POWs, and warnings were put out that her condition was going to correspond to their conditions of incarceration. The implication, of course, was that if the goons at San Quentin messed with Russ and Joe then Patricia Hearst's safety would be endangered. Her father said he sent a lawyer to San Quentin to check out "death row" where Russ and Joe were being held, and that fool said that it all looked fine to him. Patty just couldn't believe how her father's lawyer could say that because she knew she was being held under much more humane conditions and was afraid the SLA might impose something like that on her. The fact is that the lawyer never even went to Quentin. He never saw Russ and Joe—it was all a propaganda ploy by the Hearsts.

Bill: Shortly after Joe and Russ got busted they got taken to San Quentin—a real fascist move considering that prisoners at Quentin have all been convicted and they hadn't even been formally charged with a crime. They were dealt with in the most brutal way—they were gassed, beaten and taken on a "tour" of the gas chamber. But as a result of the Hearst kidnapping the conditions of their confinement did get a little better. There was a phone outside their cells and before the goons could open up the cell gate they had to call the warden. The warden had to give them the okay for just about anything.

If the demands hadn't been met at all, there were two alternatives as far as the SLA were concerned—either to release Patty or to keep her as a prisoner for a long period of time. Obviously no one was going to come out and say publicly that "If you don't meet the demands, we'll probably have to release her," but that was something the SLA had to consider. Basically they didn't want to even make that decision until they saw how things were going. The SLA had no intention of killing her—as a matter of fact preventing that became one of their main worries and one of her main worries as police agencies started busting into places where they thought she was being held. It certainly wouldn't have been in the interest of the SLA if Patricia Hearst had been killed because it would have been very difficult for people in this country to understand. A lot of people dislike the rich, but I don't think that there are many people that would want to see a young woman killed for the crimes of her parents. It would be misunderstood as a terrorist act and many folks would see it as a threat to their own children. Of course, the whole situation would have been different if Randolph or Catherine had been kidnapped because they can in no way be considered "innocent" members of their class.

A police car pulled up . . . Willie rolled down his window . . . they were minutes away from the kidnapping and Patty was in the trunk of the car right behind them

Emily: Russ and Joe's capture put the SLA on the defensive and nearly eliminated the support infrastructure they had been in the process of building. They never really recovered from this setback. The Hearst kidnapping was intended to win back the initiative—the offensive—and then create the conditions of popular support so they could rebuild a strong base. Even though the action itself and the food program did succeed in bringing the SLA a lot of spontaneous support, many problems resulted—the SLA underestimated the all-out reaction of the police. Their impatience pushed them to a premature action—premature in the sense that they were unprepared to coordinate and bring together and organize the spontaneous momentum sparked by their actions.

Patty as prisoner of war

Emily: Patricia Hearst was held in a walk-in closet that was soundproofed with shag carpeting on the walls and had a 3-inch foam pad on the floor. Until everyone got a sense that she would be cooperative, they kept her blindfolded and locked in a closet with her hands tied. Within a few days the door was left open most of the time so that she wouldn't feel isolated and alone. Her hands were untied, but when the door was left open her blindfold had to be on. It was really as much for her own protection as for the SLA's—they wanted to insure that she could be released without being able to identify any of her captors. A wall light was rigged up so that when the closet door was shut Patty could take off the blindfold and read or write. The first thing she started reading was George Jackson's book, *Blood in My Eye*, at Willie's suggestion.

Bill: She was allowed to go to the bathroom anytime she wanted to and she took a bath every other day. After the first week she was encouraged to exercise. Actually she hated exercise and it was like pulling teeth to get her to do it. Whatever SLA members were guarding her at that point would usually join her so she wouldn't feel self-conscious and would actually exert herself a little bit. They wore ski masks so she wouldn't be able to see their faces.

Emily: A guard was placed outside the door of the closet at all times whether the door was open or not. She ate with everyone else and was included in mealtime conversations. The folks wanted her to understand their beliefs and their principles as well as their style of living. They didn't want to convert her but they felt that the whole experience would be less frightening if she understood what was happening and what she could expect. At first people tried to cater to her needs—you know, bring her food, drink, cigarettes.

Bill: She's not a big eater—she eats like a bird. She probably ate like a bird before she got grabbed, but the SLA was worried about her so when she couldn't eat, she'd be asked what she did want. After she got used to the situation and was reassured that she wouldn't be harmed she ate when and what the other folks ate, because there really wasn't money at that point to cater to her individual needs. But she never complained about it.

Emily: Cinque was the first person to talk with her. A few hours after she got to the

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Daly City house he read her the codes of war—the part that had to do with how prisoners of war were to be treated. He let her know that any "funny business" wouldn't be tolerated, but he assured her that she wouldn't be hurt as long as she cooperated.

Angela got really close to her—she was particularly sensitive to her needs in those first few days and asked her a lot of questions to draw her out. She figured that Patricia would be afraid to state any needs because of the position she was in, and in fact she rarely made any demands. I think Angela was kind of intrigued with the idea that she liked this person she had expected to hate based on her own stereotype of what a rich kid would be like. Here was someone who was very likable, open to learning about how the SLA thought, and who was in fact very alienated from her family.

Bill: The last thing that the SLA wanted was Patricia telling horror stories about the conditions she was held under, which was why she was treated extra-humanely. It was believed that upon her release, she would undoubtedly, if not manipulated, explain the conditions of her captivity and that would have tremendous effect. It would, in itself, prove the humanity of the SLA. In fact it was generally understood that the greatest propaganda to result from that operation wasn't necessarily only going to be the food program, but also Patty's explanation of what had happened to her.

The food program

Emily: Members of the SLA stood in the food lines to find out the reaction and effects of the program. Most people there were amazed at how many other folks actually needed food. Even though they needed it themselves, they hadn't realized how many others were in a similar situation—they weren't alone in their problems. It really emphasized certain contradictions; that in this society, which is supposed to be so plentiful, thousands of people are hungry enough that they'll stand in long lines for only small amounts of food. They couldn't even be sure they would get the food 'cause a lot of times the food ran out. Everybody there was hip to the contradiction that at the drop of a hat this rich family could feed all of them, but wouldn't do it unless they were forced.

Bill: People were saying things like, "Hey, it's too bad that that woman's been got, but she has been got and I'm hungry." But they were angry at the quality of the food they were getting. One woman had a can of food that said "hominy" or something on the outside; when she opened it up, it was like dog food. They were bugged about the media, too, seeing the guys with the TV cameras. They'd say stuff like: "If those fools come up here, I'm gonna break that goddamn thing—the SLA said they didn't want no damned cameras around here."

Emily: There was a high level of consciousness and solidarity among the folks standing in the food lines. They didn't see it as charity or "blood money." They were proud, and they felt like they deserved that food. I think it's unfortunate that a lot of white people seemed embarrassed to go. A lot of the initial food distribution centers were in predominantly black communities and the Hearst propaganda tried to develop a racist pride in white people that they were "too good to go get that food"—or to admit that they were poor and hungry too. There were just as many white people as any other race that needed the food. The SLA thought it was important that there be food distribution centers in a wide variety of places so that people wouldn't have to leave the community they lived in and felt comfortable in; that they should be able to stand in line with people from their community and that the food should even be geared to their cultural tastes and preferences.

Patty was talking to Angela one afternoon and Angela was kind of joking and said, "Do you ever get horny?"

Bill: Patty heard about the food distribution on the radio. She was pissed off about the kind of food that people were getting. She began to see that the whole thing was kind of typical—y'know like her parents were saying, "Give these stupid niggers some hog-feed and pass it off as black-eyed peas, they won't care, they're too dumb to know what's edible." That kind of attitude. But the food program gave her the most positive sense of what the whole kidnapping meant. She could see that there are people who are too poor to buy sufficient food and her dad had a lot of money and he could be forced to help feed them.

Patty & Willie: a matter of love?

Bill: From the beginning, Patty seemed to like Willie. She spent hours talking to him. They had a natural rapport. He was the kind of man that didn't intimidate people; he wasn't real macho, not that he didn't have his weaknesses, like everybody, but he was the kind of guy that could understand Patty's background, maybe better than anyone else.

Emily: When she first started talking to him, she had a cold and a few scrapes and scratches from the kidnapping, and he knew some things about medicine. So he kind of started talking to her about that—to make sure she was all right. She could tell he was concerned about her.

Bill: He started reading to her from George Jackson's book, *Blood in My Eye*, and Fanon's *Wretched of the Earth*, until a light was rigged up in the closet so if she wanted to, she could go in, close the door and read by herself. That was within the first week. It wasn't until six weeks later that they began to sleep together.

Emily: The way it happened, from hearing her tell it, was that she was talking to Angela one afternoon and Angela was kind of joking and said, "Do you ever get horny?" and she said, "Yeah, as a matter of fact I do, and—."

Bill: No, she didn't answer that way—that's not her style. I'm sure it was sarcastic, you know, kind of like, "Well of course I do, what a dumb question!"

Emily: So then Angela started discussing with other folks whether she should ask Patricia if she wanted to sleep with anybody. Everyone kind of laughed about it at first, like high school kids or something, but then they started to talk about it seriously because it was an important question. Since the SLA had been involved in explaining to her what their lifestyle was like, what their principles were, what their view of morality was, they thought maybe they should extend this to sex too. They were a little apprehensive about it because they didn't want to take any chances that she might say she was forced into doing anything when she was released, so it was discussed quite a bit. Finally Angela went and asked Patty if she would want to sleep with anyone and if so who, and she said "Yes, Kahjoh"—which was Willie's code name. And I think after the initial discussions with the group, when Willie was getting a sense that no one was against it, that he even mentioned it to her as a possibility. It opened the way for people to have discussions with her about how the SLA looked at sexual relationships and how

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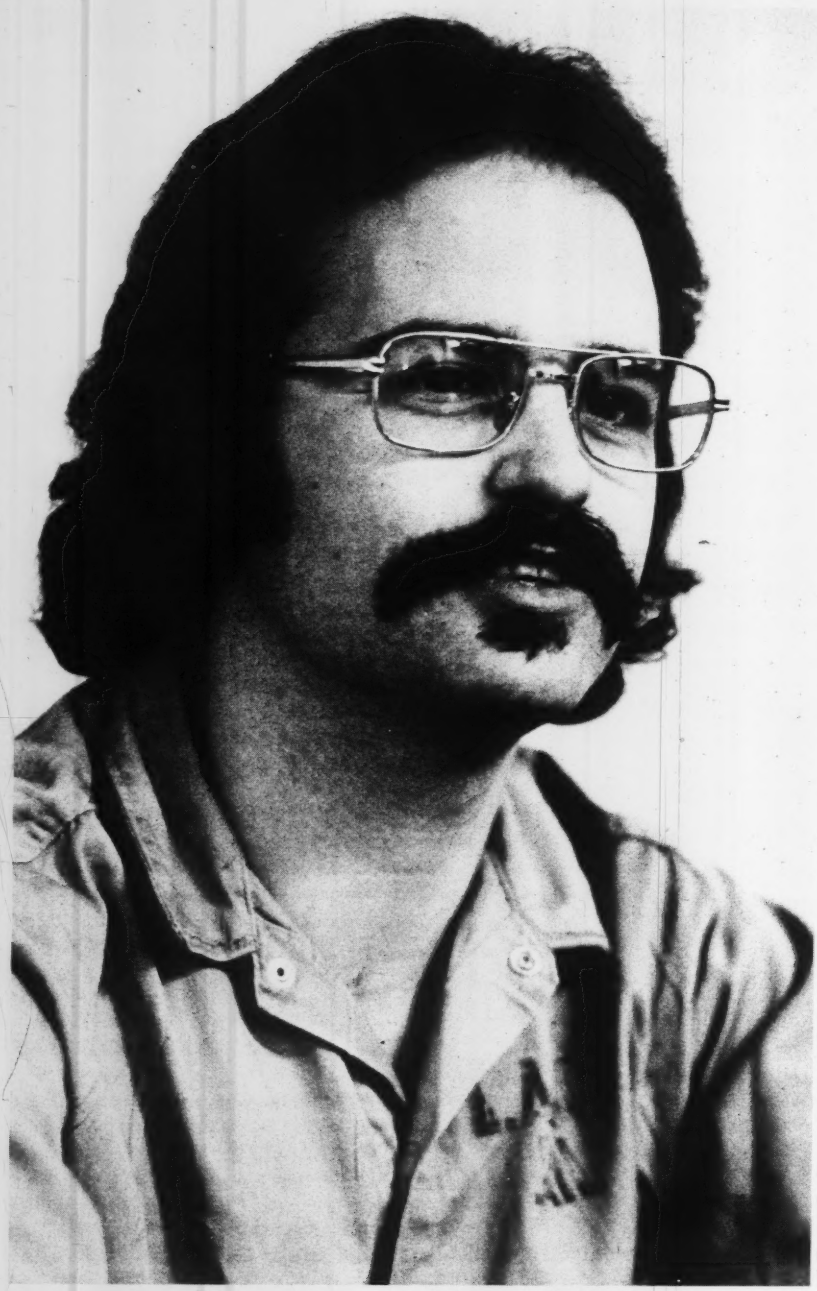
they had mistrust for monogamous relationships. They weren't necessarily against them, but they felt that people should not be restricted by loving somebody and should struggle to root out a lot of the dependencies and weakness that often undermined personal relationships.

Bill: No one in the SLA wanted to have Patty get off into a heavy kind of romantic thing. I mean, the group still felt that she was going to be released and I'm sure Willie didn't want to have to get totally involved and then feel really torn apart when she was gone, because after her release he would have never seen her again, at least unless conditions changed quite a bit. But it happened anyway. Patty said herself that he was the most beautiful, sensitive man she had ever known.

Emily: Once Willie gave her a stone relic in the shape of a monkey-face that he had bought when he was in Mexico—he called it an Olmec or something. He had fashioned a macramé chain for it out of some waxed brown string that was lying around the house, sort of a thick thread used for sewing on leather. Anyway, Pat-

Patty's charge that the SLA told her what to write in her communiques is correct in one sense—we had to take out some of the profanities . . . and get her to word her messages in a milder tone



ty wore it all the time around her neck. After the shootout, she stopped wearing it and carried it in her purse instead, but she always had it with her. Willie also made her a ring out of the same string.

Bill: In fact, that ring got a lot of comment in the media after the SLA released that photograph of her. Everyone was wondering what it was—they suggested it was a wedding band, or something, and the press asked Steven Weed if he had given it to her.

Emily: What is so disgusting is that Patty would just fabricate this tale about Willie assaulting her. The irony is that Willie was this really gentle guy, a beautiful person. Everyone who ever met him said the same thing. I am sure one of the reasons why Patty got so attached to him in the first place is that he had shown so much concern for her. And now to say something like this . . . just to save her own ass.

Patricia, Randolph and Catherine

Bill: Everybody in the SLA assumed that she was in love with Steven Weed. Everybody assumed that she was close to her family. Why not? It only seems logical, you know—the woman is supposed to be getting married. The first time the SLA realized that wasn't the case was when Nancy was talking with her one time, within a week or so, about her relationship with Weed. At one point Nancy asked her, "What do you and Steve talk about?" and she couldn't think of anything. That's a clear indication of the kind of relationship they were having.

Emily: From her accounts, it became clear that Weed treated her like his little slave. He used to order her around and make her cook him special treats. She

said he wouldn't ever take her out to eat because he got quite attached to her cooking, only relenting when she was really sick and couldn't cook for him. He sounded like a pretentious, pompous fool that really dug lording it over Patricia, convincing her that he knew what was best for her. Patty later said that she was growing more and more disgusted with her life with him. Her engagement was really just a rebellious attempt to get away from the influences of her family. She told Angela once that the emptiness of her life had driven her to the point where she was thinking of killing herself. If she felt that way, I can't imagine what she must feel now.

Patty was amazed at the media portrayal of her family. There was a big propaganda campaign going on at that time to portray the Hearst family as the ideal American family and to get the majority of Americans to sympathize with their position rather than the SLA's. For months, articles were coming out in magazines like *Ladies Home Journal* about what her mother was like and what her family was like. She just said it was all a bunch of lies, that she had spent most of her childhood with nurses and governesses, that she hadn't spent that much time with her parents and that she wasn't that close to her sisters. The article in *Ladies Home Journal* told about how her mother did her own grocery shopping and stuff like that. Patty just laughed. She said her mother has never done that in her life, never cooked, never did anything.

Apparently Patty's mother was getting some kind of drug—going to her doctor and getting a shot of Demerol a week or something—and she was pretty heavy on pills. Patty said one time at dinner her mother fell asleep on her plate. She was embarrassed to bring any friends home, because her mother was always doped up.

Bill: To hear Patty tell it, her father was a boozer, her mother a pill freak. But she didn't dislike her father that much. Because of the way he responded to the kidnapping, and in terms of what he represented—his class position—she got to hate him, but as a person, she didn't dislike him. She thought he was okay.

But sometimes you got the feeling she really hated her mother. She told a story about a time when a friend of hers was in the house, and her mother came walking down the steps, rather staggering down the steps, and kind of grouched a couple of phrases to them and went staggering off. Patty was humiliated by it, but her friend consoled her—he just whispered in Patty's ear, "that's all right, my mother's an alcoholic."

Patty told another story about a family trip to Atlanta. They were driving around and got lost in the black ghetto, where there were almost no street signs. Patty's mother said, "Niggers don't need street signs. They don't know how to read." I mean, her mother was the family buffoon. I think she even embarrassed Randolph half the time.

Emily: The Hearsts weren't really socialites. They didn't go to all that many parties. They traveled a lot, but basically they wanted to be low-key, and Patty was brought up to think that she was not that much different than anyone else. They never talked much about her status, or her privileged position so, for a long time, Patty led a very sheltered life. She did not even consider that a lot of people lived very differently—it wasn't as if she saw the politics of the thing around the house. At the beginning, Cin had questioned her a lot about her family, because the SLA wanted to verify the research they'd done; she knew a lot about their holdings, but she wasn't aware of what the implications were. She didn't understand that if you own a media empire and control a lot of other corporate holdings, that gives you power and influence. To her, it was just like possessions, or money, that could buy country-club memberships and private schooling and stuff like that. She didn't understand the power part of it. She knew nothing of the history of her own family. She had never even seen *Citizen Kane*! One time, when the three of us were together, we decided to go see it, and we tried to talk her into coming, but she refused. So we went to it by ourselves. I think she felt embarrassed. It was a real heavy education for her just to understand the implications of things that her grandfather had been responsible for, like using his media empire to encourage the Spanish-American War. I think she really wanted to get rid of the Hearst name. She said once that Weed had been her means to escape her family, and that she had hoped her life with him would be the quiet existence of a professor's wife in which she could forever get rid of the attention and notoriety of the Hearst name.

Patty knew nothing of the history of her own family. She had never even seen *Citizen Kane*!

The making of "Tania"

Emily: "Conversion" is really a bad word. It's been used so many times, I catch myself using it. It wasn't an overnight process because change just doesn't happen like that. With Patty, the process began, I'm convinced, even before the kidnap. She had been very dissatisfied with her life.

Bill: Let's face it—so many people, no matter what their class position, are demoralized by the quality of their life based on the myth of true happiness—their projection of the American Dream. I think it's clear that Patty was a very unhappy person. After the kidnap, she loosened up pretty quick and it turned out she had a great sense of humor. She was a very cocky type of individual. She didn't get intimidated easily. Within a few days after her kidnapping she started to raise questions about the SLA's perspective on her family as a ruling-class enemy.

Emily: After the first few days she had the opportunity to talk with anyone she wanted to, if they weren't busy with something else. Willie would read a lot to her and rap about his experiences with revolutionary prisoners. She heard all the news on TV and radio and when the SLA realized how disturbing and demoralizing it was for her, they tried to explain what was happening and why. The event that terrified her most was a raid on a house in Oakland. The police suspected that they had found the SLA hideout so they surrounded it and rushed it with a SWAT team. Patty began to feel that her life was in danger because of the irresponsibility of the police and wondered why her parents were taking so long to comply with the demands. It was clear to her that her father had the resources to meet the SLA's demand for $6 million worth of food, but it was a real shock for her to consider that there were corporate interests that were far more important to him than the safe return of his daughter. She was amazed that he would risk her safety just so he could keep the American people in the dark about the extent of wealth at his fingertips. She heard Randolph on TV saying he just couldn't do any more, like he was helpless or something. She'd say, "That's not like him, someone else is writing it for him—it just doesn't sound like him." She was more hip than anyone to the whole propaganda campaign.

Bill: These experiences produced some changes in Patty. Cin was actually more sensitive than anyone else about what she was going through. He began to see the

difficulties she'd have in returning to a life that had held very little meaning for her before—and that had even less now. He talked to her about this and then mentioned to the rest of the folks that they should consider the possibility that Patricia might want to remain with the SLA. At first everyone laughed; then when they realized Cin was serious, most people were against it. I think that those of us in the SLA that were from more middle-class backgrounds were a lot less impressed with what Patricia did. But for Cin it was a very heavy thing—he had a lot of love for her based on that. You might think that a committed revolutionary who had been in prison for such a long time would take the hardest line against a woman like Patricia, but Cin felt that her renunciation of her family and her candid awareness of their role were really monumental changes—especially when this rich young woman decided to give it all up to become a guerrilla. Ultimately the others began to understand that she seriously wanted to "stay" and they felt that to send her back to her family would be to turn her over to the wolves. They also realized what an inspiration it would be to other people when they learned that Patricia Hearst had decided to remain with the revolutionaries who had kidnapped her. It would represent the potential in everyone to change.

Emily: She saw a viable alternative to her previous life and she already had a sense of the warmth and humanity of the people who were struggling to achieve that alternative. In the end she wanted to be a part of it. The SLA took the position though that she had to show she understood the implications of a decision like that and was ready to deal with all the hardships that the life entailed—that she was ready to struggle to become a revolutionary person. As a final assurance before the SLA released the communique saying that Tania was staying with them, Cin asked her one last time, after her blindfold was taken off, if she wanted to go home to her family and friends. She laughed and said, "no way."

Bill: It's like she didn't become part of the SLA just because someone thought it was a neat idea. I don't think anyone wanted to have some deadweight hanging around for nothing more than some good propaganda. Each of the members of the SLA questioned her relentlessly to try to catch any weakness or romanticism in her decision—and tried to shake the confidence of her decision because the strength of the group would depend on her as an individual as much as anyone else. She chose the name Tania herself. The SLA had a copy of that book *Tania*, the diary and letters of the woman who was killed with Che in Bolivia and Patty was reading it. The charge that Patty was intimidated into joining the SLA is ridiculous. It was her own decision and was political as well as personal—not the result of any coercion or some mystical event or magic penis. Patricia thought it was disgusting how the media hypothesized that Cin had lured her into the SLA based on the enticement of black sexuality. I'll tell you, Cin never showed her anything but sensitivity and kindness—he was more like a big brother. He never molested her or touched her suggestively. Matter of fact, he was one of the first people to reassure her that she would not be mistreated in any way. But some people can't accept that, particularly her family. They've got to find some way to justify Patty's past behavior—to maintain the power of their class and to negate what Patty represented.

Emily: Of course the process that Patricia went through in the year and a half prior to her arrest has to be seen now in the context of subsequent events. Looking back on it, the SLA made an error in accepting her decision to stay with the group and not return to her family. Even though this was a terrific inspiration to many people in the short-term sense, the SLA should have had more foresight into the potential problems. Everyone got too caught up in sentimentality—their growing attachment and love for Patricia—and did not objectively consider the added burden that Patricia's presence would create.

She was supposed to fire a live round into the ceiling and say, "This is Tania," as soon as the cameras started rolling

The Hibernia job

Emily: The main reason expropriations are important to revolutionaries, and the main reason the SLA did the Hibernia bank robbery, was to obtain needed resources. They needed a large amount of money to survive on and at that time no one in the SLA was able to work. The second reason was to verify that Tania had indeed stayed of her own free will. As a matter of fact she was supposed to fire a round into the ceiling and say "This is Tania" as soon as the cameras started rolling.

Bill: There was never any idea that people should shoot out the cameras. They wanted to show that Tania was armed, prove that she had a loaded weapon and that she knew how to use it. As it turned out she chambered a round in the carbine before she went in; it was a semi-automatic weapon and when she let go of the slide, somehow the round jammed in a position where she couldn't reject it again. She had the carbine slung underneath her coat and it was hard to maneuver it, so her weapon became inoperable during the operation. That was something that always bothered her afterwards. She took a lot of care after that to make sure she didn't have any problems with her piece.

She was never covered by anyone else's weapons. Patty participated in all the planning—two weeks of planning—and I think that's why she was so confident during the whole robbery.

Emily: Everyone was shaken up that two people were unnecessarily shot. We see now that it was an overreaction to the situation, but it was a split-second decision. Two men walked in the front door of the bank and were told to lie on the floor with everyone else, and when they turned around and ran back out they were fired on—and both were wounded.

Bill: The people who went into the bank thought that if they were going to have problems it wouldn't be with the customers, and no money was taken from anyone who came in there. One guy walked in with a whole bag of money and he just got down on the floor. But as it turned out though, the person who had responsibility for the door wasn't in a good spot, and the two men were able to run out before she was able to get between them and the exit.

Emily: Revolutionaries who are involved in armed actions have to take as many precautions to assure the safety of innocent bystanders as they do to insure their own safety. With uncooperative people they have to make split-second decisions, but the basic premise of those decisions must be to use the *minimum force necessary* to still maintain control. Sometimes there's going to be overreaction: Sometimes you have to quickly analyze if someone is a curious but innocent bystander, a John Wayne type who wants to be a hero, or an armed plainclothes cop. The decision has to be based on who you think the person is and what they

could do to you, and the indecisiveness can easily result in revolutionaries being killed or injured themselves.

After it came out in the papers who the injured people were, the SLA really felt badly. In retrospect I think that something should have been put out explaining why the mistake was made and also saying that the SLA was sorry that it happened. It's important for revolutionaries to do that. I think a lot of times the SLA was arrogant about things; they'd say, "Well, it's too bad that innocent people have to get hurt sometimes," without explaining why it happens or how it makes you feel, or cop to the criticism that it was a careless mistake.

Bill: It was a serious blemish on something that was otherwise extremely well-done. And it was the first time those folks had ever done something like that, which was another reason for the overreaction.

Of communiques and censorship

Emily: Patty's charge that the SLA told her what to write in her communiques is correct in one sense—the SLA actually had to *censor* her! Patty's a very good writer, and she put a lot into those messages. I think she realized that her words might be the thing that would compel her father to comply with the SLA demands. But her anger and disgust with her parents became too much. The SLA had to take out some of the profanities, particularly in regard to her mother. Everyone respected her fire, but they were also a little worried that the Hearsts wouldn't try very hard to get their daughter back if she were acting too much the rebel. The SLA tried—not always successfully—to get Patty to word her messages in a milder tone. A few things about her mother she could not be convinced to take out, and since they seemed harmless enough, the SLA relented and allowed them in the final version. So the only censorship or control imposed by the SLA was to try to convince her to tone down the fanaticism of her new awareness of her family. One thing she insisted on was that line about Hallinan, her father's lawyer, being "a senile old fuck." She was so totally outraged by his behavior and his antics on television that she felt compelled to add that part to her communique.

As for the communique on the bank robbery, yes, it was a collective thing. Several people helped with the writing of it. But no one wrote out a draft and told Patty to read it. The part about the brainwashing I know Patty wrote herself because she was offended that they were still saying that kind of shit about her, that they didn't believe that she could make a decision like that on her own.

ILLUSTRATION BY KATRINA TAYLOR

Patty getting a helping hand from the law: Instead of seizing the moment to "escape," she exulted that she had not been recognized.

The move to Los Angeles

Emily: The heat in San Francisco from the SLA and the Zebra investigations, coupled with the fact that the group had very little infrastructure at that point, made it seem impossible to operate in the Bay Area, so the SLA decided to split into three groups of three and test out the smaller units someplace else. Cin knew a little bit about LA; he had lived there before, and that was kind of the basis, however flimsy, for deciding to go there. It's so huge and spread out that they figured it would be easier to operate there even with the same amount of heat they had in San Francisco. The SLA bought three vans with the idea that they could live in them if necessary—they hadn't made any preliminary preparations before going down there. Everyone left separately one night, not in a convoy or anything, and Cin picked a shopping center in South Central LA for a meeting point. One unit was sent to look for a temporary place for everyone to live. Some "for rent" signs were found in the immediate area and a place was rented without anyone really analyzing what the implications of being in that area were. They didn't understand the nature of the various communities in LA, being used to the Bay Area where the neighborhoods are much more racially mixed. In South Central Los Angeles white people are really visible and draw a certain amount of attention. The SLA had been there for only four or five days before the shootout happened. The electricity wasn't even hooked up because each unit was going to look for a permanant safe house as soon as possible. The SLA was really making plans to get out of there.

Bill: Everyone took some risks and got to know the people in the community. There were some people who knew that there were SLA members living in that house but as it turned out, nobody in that area gave the SLA away. The group kept a low profile most of the time. I mean, there weren't a whole lot of white people coming in and out and nobody hung out in front of the house. The only real fear was that SLA members might be seen as undercover pigs. An undercover cop named Edwards had been offed in that area a few days before and no one wanted to end up like he had. Friends in the neighborhood kept the SLA up on any rumors and they would have let the group know if anyone was seriously uptight.

The shootout

Editor's Note: The Harrises face trial in Los Angeles on charges stemming from an incident at Mel's Sporting Goods store, where Patricia Hearst allegedly rescued the Harrises by spraying the store with gunfire after Bill had been accused of shoplifting. It was the first clue the police had that the SLA was in the LA area.

Emily: The worst part of the thing at Mel's was that there was a parking ticket in the van that we completely forgot about when we abandoned it after splitting from the store. That was how the police located the 84th Street area, where SLA members were staying. Patricia and I felt particularly responsible because we had known it was there—we were going to mail it that day. If we had just talked about it, we would have gotten rid of the ticket first thing. We always operated that way—we tried not to carry anything that could potentially lead to a safe house. Instead it just got tucked away.

Bill: We couldn't contact anyone after the Mel's incident 'cause there was no phone in the 84th Street house. We were afraid that to drive there would potentially lead the police to everyone. The only thing we could do was go to a drive-in that had been selected as a pre-arranged meeting place if anything went down while we were out that day. Unfortunately it turned out to be in the immediate area of Mel's and the other folks never showed up. Our assumption was that they decided not to risk it. We never saw them again.

Emily: The next day, May 17th, we spent dealing with our own situation. By 3 or 4 p.m. we were in pretty good shape—we bought a car through an ad in the newspaper and got some wigs and clothes for new disguises. By late afternoon we were on our way to Anaheim. I had worked at Disneyland one summer when I was in college and knew the area pretty well. We figured we could check into a motel there for a few days and not be at all suspicious—we'd just be another group of tourists. The tension of the last days was beginning to wear off and we were kind of high that everything seemed to have worked out okay.

As soon as we walked into the motel room we turned on the TV—it was about 5:30 and the whole shootout scene came glaring over the screen. It was so unreal. I said "It couldn't be them—it's just a mistake—like the raid on 84th Street this morning." Bill said kind of flatly that he recognized the sound of their weapons—the automatic carbines. We watched for hours—at least it seemed like that—just sitting on the floor real close and holding each other. The first things I remember feeling were a numbness and a feeling of disbelief. I couldn't even cry. Patricia said she wanted to go to 54th Street and start shooting from the rear but she knew the idea was crazy even before Bill said it was. There was just nothing we could do. We all felt responsible because of the Mel's thing. Now maybe we can see that a lot of things caused it—I mean the SLA made a whole lot of errors in coming to LA in the first place—but at that moment it seemed so clear that the three of us were to blame.

I even got myself a yarmulke and wore it when I walked around the Catskill area. Between the yarmulke and my beard I looked like an Orthodox Jew

Bill: Yeah, police agencies didn't know that the SLA was in the LA area until Mel's. Knowing that makes all the other things seem unimportant and the psychological burden of that has been really incredible for me—I mean how can you describe what it's like to watch the six people you love most in the world being killed? We bought some cheese and bread and a little wine that night to calm ourselves down, but I still couldn't sleep. It was like there was a record continually going over in my head, "if we just hadn't done this, or if we had just moved faster." My brain was in a turmoil and my heart felt about as big as a trash can. The next day we got the *Times* and there was a whole page of pictures—one was of a body that was burnt beyond recognition. But we knew who it was—the pigs couldn't identify it—but we knew. It was Willie. We could tell by a belt buckle he had on.

None of us came into the SLA with delusions that we were indestructible or that the pigs would be anything less than brutal if any of us got surrounded. What I'm trying to say is that making the decision to become a guerrilla has, within it, some understanding of what the consequences are. And knowing that the pigs aren't gonna show people like the SLA some kind of mercy on the field of battle is no different than us knowing that they're going to railroad us in a court of law. I mean we weren't surprised that they mobilized an army of 500 to kill six people without even giving them a chance to surrender. It don't take 500 pigs to insure a surrender. Let's face it—the SWAT team wouldn't know a surrender if they saw one. That was a search and destroy operation—any Vietnam vet who saw it knows that's what it was—we saw it a thousand times in Vietnam—and the folks in that house knew it too. That fire wasn't a fluke. It's standard practice—the scorched earth policy brought home.

Emily: In terms of numbers, I don't think we broke it down so we expected 500 police to surround our house. But in terms of them going all-out to kill members of the SLA—we knew that they had done that right from the very beginning.

There was even a working phone in that house and there was never any attempt made to communicate with the folks inside. In fact, it's possible that Nancy and Camilla were trying to surrender after the fire caught in the house. The SWAT team said that Nancy began firing. They were both shot by snipers as soon as they came out of the house. Their weapons were found without a shot having been fired from them, according to the testimony of an LAPD ballistics expert at Joe and Russ' trial. Since then I've lived every minute of what it must have been like for them inside that house. I know all of them were afraid, but we're real proud of the courage they showed. Cin could have even walked away from the whole thing—he had drifted unnoticed through the crowds that afternoon when the police started surrounding the house. He could have just kept walking—he knew what was happening but he didn't want to split on his comrades.

Bill: Later, whenever anyone would come

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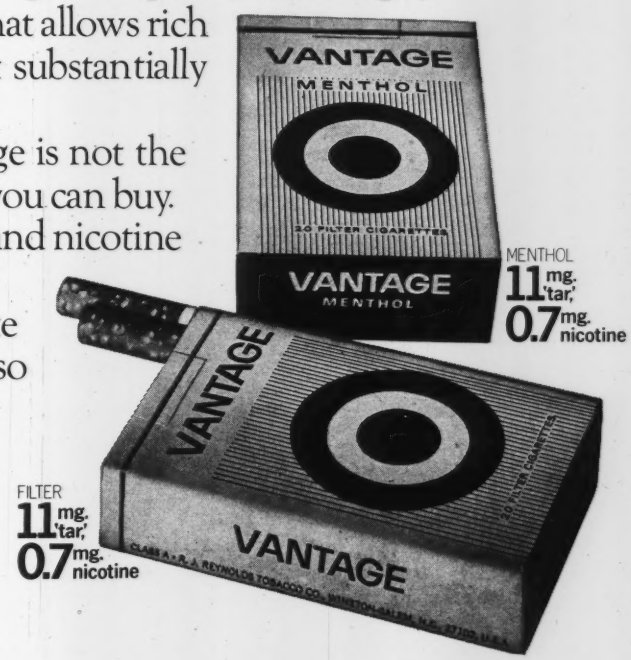

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on the TV or radio and say we should give ourselves up—anyone—even people we liked—we'd think, "Oh, you cold motherfuckers." We felt that surrendering would be a denial of what our sisters and brothers died for. That's why what Patricia's doing now is so sick. She's abandoned any feelings of love and respect for those people.

Dreams of revenge

Bill: Actually after the shootout Patricia was very much for retaliating in the first few days. She felt that that was the only way to deal with the situation. It was weird. Being a man with a certain amount of machismo I felt that *I* should be saying that; so I felt funny about saying "No. I don't think that's a good idea right now." I said that we were not on a suicide mission—a kamikaze response. To continue we had to regroup. I remember feeling at the time like I could not express my natural feelings of fear. It's a real macho response: "Here's a woman saying something that I had better go along with or I'd look like a sissy." The kind of thing she had in mind was "an eye for an eye." It's not like Patty was blood-thirsty. I think it was more a position of aggressive naiveté. She wasn't a silent follower. She's an individual that shows a lot of initiative.

Emily: Of the three of us at that time, she was the most vocal advocate of moving right into action. She had the added motivation of feeling like she had been personally affected by the struggle. People that she loved had been ripped off from her and she wanted revenge. After we decided against an immediate response, she still was involved in thinking imaginatively about what kind of actions we should engage in. Later on she went to the library and did research on other targets of revenge. She was different than any one else in the SLA. She knew people personally in corporate America, some of the same families whose daughters had gone to the same private schools and country clubs she had. She knew those people so it was logical for her to do the research on them. She began to learn more about what they did. She checked them out in reference books that tell of these people's relationship to large corporations and their holdings. There's libraries everywhere, you know, that have a *Moody's* and *Poor's* and you would be amazed at the details printed in them.

The survivors

Bill: We were close but, hell, the last thing I'm going to say is that we had no problems. Living under those kinds of conditions, you don't necessarily fall into heavy, strong, personal relationships with everything all love and happiness, but you definitely get close. That was true about everyone in the SLA—there was a kind of closeness that most people never are allowed to feel with each other, the feeling that someone will be honest with you under any circumstances. And that's—that's something that is rare in our society. It's rare among lovers, let alone friends.

Right up to and after the arrest, Emily and Patty were sisters in solidarity.

Emily: We were close to Patricia in some ways, in terms of common objectives, but in other ways we weren't the best of friends. She had other friends, we had other friends. We didn't consider ourselves irrevocably tied to her or her to us. There was no sense that we were going to spend the rest of our lives together.

We just needed to get away from each other sometimes. She'd get tired of our habit of patronizing her and we needed relief from her stupid bourgie rebelliousness. She had that whole problem of her class background. She didn't do an about-face—one day an heiress, the next day a revolutionary. She had aspects of both in her personality.

I don't think we were as prepared as we could have been to deal with the kinds of things Patricia may have been going through, because in a lot of ways she wasn't able to develop as a revolutionary at her own pace. She was defined by the media, and she was redefining herself as a revolutionary, and she felt a lot of pressure to understand what that meant.

Bill: But there was affection. I remember the reunion between Emily and Patty and I at the farm in Pennsylvania. The three of us came together in the driveway, hugging and kissing each other and saying how glad we were to see each other again.

Emily: We always hugged and kissed each other a lot. We didn't see affection as being something that was only shared by lovers. We'd hug each other before going to bed, things like that.

Bill: I remember one comment Patty made just two or three months before we were busted. It was very meaningful to us, because there had been some hard feelings, but she just told us that she loved us very much, that she felt more secure with us than with anyone else. It was to some degree a surprise to me, because there were not many times when she expressed what seemed to be her gut feelings—she is not very open that way, and she never was as long as we knew her.

Disguises

Emily: Our disguises always hinged on something we weren't. The image of us was that we were young, hip-type people, or that the women disguised themselves as young, well-dressed bourgeois-type women, but that really wasn't the case. We tried to look super-ordinary and older—like housewives and working folks, you know, knit slacks, conservative-style wigs and glasses with frosted butterfly wings. We also tried to look slightly unattractive, because we noticed that attractive people draw attention—you tend to follow them with your eyes. When we were in Anaheim right after the shootout,* Patty had this real bouffant

*Editor's Note: The Harrises say that after watching the shootout on television in an Anaheim motel opposite Disneyland, they and Patty Hearst remained in Orange County for the next ten days. An "inside story" about the SLA which appeared in *Rolling Stone* reported that after the massacre the three fugitives immediately fled to the Bay Area, hiding there in a crawl space under a house. The Harrises say that these and many other "facts" in the two-part *Rolling Stone* story were fabricated. For example, Emily denies attending the Berkeley memorial rally for the SLA, to which she reportedly wore cut-off jeans and a tie-dyed shirt. Bill says the story that the three pretended to be winos and derelicts after returning to the Bay Area is "so stupid I can't even believe it: I can just imagine us getting picked up on a vagrancy charge or something." Although the *Rolling Stone* article says the couple met Patty after Jack Scott dropped her off in Las Vegas in the fall of 1974, the Harrises say they have never been in Las Vegas.

The "most glaring lie" in the *Rolling Stone* piece, says Emily Harris, is the charge that Bill shot a woman bystander during a bank robbery in Carmichael, Calif. The Harrises also vehemently deny the suggestion that they killed Popeye Jackson, a Bay Area radical leader, and tried to pin the murder on the New World Liberation Front. "It's so ironic," says Emily, "the idea that we would murder someone who had been one of our friends when we were above-ground, in order to discredit a group that had basically supported the SLA right down the line." The Harrises say there never was a "hit list" which included the name of Charles O. Finley, manager of the Oakland A's. As for the *Rolling Stone* assertion that 40 pounds of explosives were found in their apartment when they were arrested: "It's bullshit!" says Bill. "There's no 40 pounds of dynamite. Anyone with the sense to go into the courthouse and get a copy of the inventory will see there's no 40 pounds of dynamite, but they needed that lie to support the theory that I was going to bomb PG&E [Pacific Gas and Electric] . . . which I wasn't."

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bleached-blond wig, like a lot of the women wear in Southern California, and looked like the average person going to Disneyland from the Midwest.

Bill: It was particularly hard for Patty. It was very simple for Emily and me to walk down the street just about anywhere in this country. No one could easily recognize us. But it was very hard for Patty to do that. At one given time, I don't know who was more recognizable—except for Muhammad Ali. She had a face that was plastered over every magazine in the world. As soon as things would calm down a bit someone in the media would do something crazy, and there would be her picture again. She usually felt more comfortable trying to make herself look ugly. She'd worked out a fairly good arrangement of her face muscles to give her a receding chin, things like that, where she'd look really different, but it was very tiring to be making grimaces all day long trying to talk to people. Within the first few days after we got back to the Bay Area, I rode the buses with Patricia, even though everyone was looking for us there. Those first few days we sat on the goddamn buses sitting there driving up and down the streets of San Francisco, trying to get around, because that was the only thing we could do—the car kept breaking down, and we needed to make a few contacts.

Emily: We would frequently go out into the streets and parks and just talk to people—we enjoyed that. During that period, the people who knew who we were, who were trying to help us, had an unrealistic way of looking at us. They were often intimidated by us. They wouldn't tell us their honest feelings—they'd try to say what they thought the three of us wanted to hear and if we said something off the wall, they'd just suffer through it without saying anything. At times it got so I'd rather be in the park talking to strangers who saw me as just an ordinary person.

Bill: We traveled pretty freely in various areas of the East. At one point that first summer we stayed in the Catskills near Grossinger's resort. We had found in the course of being fugitives and in tight positions that sometimes it was best to be able to mingle in tourist places. That's what we had done when we stayed in Anaheim across from Disneyland immediately after the shootout when the police pressure was greatest. If we didn't have a base in a particular area it was the best option because even if we didn't look like the natives they assumed that we were tourists.

Emily: I actually went to Grossinger's to check it out—we figured it was the safest place for us to temporarily retreat to if the police found out that we were in the area.

Bill: We probably wouldn't be expected to go to a Jewish resort because none of us were Jewish. I even got myself a yarmulke and wore it when I walked around the Catskill area. Between the yarmulke and my beard I looked like an Orthodox Jew and it seemed to me the best way to become one of the fish in the sea.

Moments of quiet

Bill: Obviously our lifestyle underground was basically ascetic and unmaterialistic, but certain times there were celebrations—for instance, everyone celebrated March 5th, the day Cin escaped from prison. That was his special day, in fact it was more important to him than his actual birthday. When someone had a birthday, one of us would know about it and, unbeknownst to that person, a piece of paper would circulate and each individual would say or write something—a statement of their feelings of love and comradeship. I know from my own experience what those little things were—some of the most meaningful gifts that any of us ever received. While Patty was still a prisoner, the folks had a twentieth birthday party for her. Someone cooked a special dinner and a cake. I don't think the cake was even made with flour, and it sure wouldn't have won any *Good Housekeeping* Award, but no one noticed.

We did not even know where Patty was living when she was arrested. We had never even heard of Morse Street

Emily: One thing we always felt strongly about was getting exercise. Particularly when we were in the Catskills, we did all sorts of things—calisthenics, Chinese exercises, swimming, rowing. We made some weights out of blocks of cement, and we ran a lot. Patty was very enthusiastic when she thought she was good at something, and she was a good runner. She was the first to work up to three miles.

Bill: The thing we did that was most fun, though strenuous, were the point/slack maneuvers. The area in the Catskills where we were was very large, and very wooded. We'd split up into two teams, and the first would be given a five-minute head start. Its objective was to reach a pre-designated point a mile or so away. The first team would try to ambush the people who were following, and they in turn would try to set up their own ambushes. The idea was to try to locate each other in a surreptitious manner, and make counter-maneuvers—there was lots of sneaking around, low crawling, things like that. We tried to learn how to move quickly, stealthily, quietly, pick up the kinds of instincts that people who grow up in the suburbs don't have.

The chances to escape

Emily: Patty had freedom to do whatever she wanted. She had freedom from the day she ceased to be a prisoner of war. She rode the buses, went shopping, went to the beach, went to the movies. She did basically what she wanted to do, especially after Bill and I got over our protective attitudes, and she got over her anxieties about being recognized and her lack of confidence about living up to the sensationalized myth of Patricia Hearst. If she had wanted to "escape," there were plenty of opportunities. A large part of the time we were living apart, and even when we weren't, there were many occasions when she went off on her own.

Bill: The ironic thing is—we did not even know where she was living when she was arrested. We were experimenting with new ways to improve our security, and we thought it would be better if we did not know where each other lived. We had never heard of Morse Street. We had ways of being in contact, obviously, but we did not know where she was and she did not know where we were. She states in her testimony that she came to our house, but she'd never been there. When the Feds asked me after I'd been busted, "What do you know about Morse Street?" I said, "Look, I don't know." I didn't even know if they were onto her place.

One time, she got this incredible case of poison oak while tromping around in the boondocks, taking target practice. Her face was swollen grotesquely—it was the best disguise she ever had. She was so confident that no one would recognize her that she went off to the emergency room of a San Francisco hospital. She went without us. And you know what? She never told anyone that she was Patricia Hearst, or wanted to be rescued.

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...and now it's time for a Cutty.

Emily: A few months before we were arrested, she was actually in the arms of the police. The three of us were walking along the beach just outside of San Francisco, and we came to this place where the beach just disappears and there are cliffs up to Highway One. There are signs posted telling people not to scale the cliffs, because they don't want people taking dangerous risks or knocking the rocks down and causing erosion. But Patty started up anyway, while we stayed on the beach. And suddenly at the top we saw this ranger from the emergency squad or whatever put down a rope and scramble down to help her, you know. She probably would have made out all right on her own, but the rescue squad felt that she was in a difficult spot and started giving her help.

Bill: This guy did this big macho thing, knocking all the rocks down on her in the process. He finally got down to where she was and got behind her and pushed her up to the top, where this other ranger was. They had to make out a report, you know, sort of like a minor infraction, a parking ticket sort of thing. I think they even took some photographs—for their yearbook of rescue operations. She was wearing some sort of wig, and some freckles, so they did not recognize her. Anyway, there was Patricia Hearst in the "hands of the law." She could have said anything she wanted, you know, like "I'm Patricia Hearst, get me out of here," but she didn't. She played it real cool, thanked them, and then just walked away. Later she kept telling that story over and over. "It was such a close call," she would say. "It's so fantastic they did not recognize me."

The trial

Emily: I was with Patty in the San Mateo County jail for five days after our arrest. It was clear from the first minute that she thought she could cut some kind of deal for herself, that she believed she would get out on bail. Maybe her lawyers told her that, but she was convinced that she was going to get out of jail right away. She talked to Hallinan right after the FBI finished interrogating her or fingerprinting her—whatever they did. Those first days in the holding cells of the federal courthouse, we were within speaking distance of each other. She was saying, "Well, I'll come see you when I get out." It was obvious to her what the resources of her family were. She had said to Wendy, who was in on a much lesser charge, that she would come and visit her in jail—she knew the power of the Hearst empire better than anyone. What she didn't realize was that part of the Hearst family strategy was *not* to bail her out—they wanted her in isolation to keep her from getting other legal advice or support from the movement people.

The funny thing about those first days in jail was that Patty is now saying I "forced" her to write "self-employed urban guerrilla." What happened is that she was booked first. I was in another area, and she came over to me, kind of laughing, and said, "They asked me what my occupation was, and guess what I told them? *'Urban guerrilla!'* " She suggested that I put that down too, and I said, "Well, I think it's a little silly. I don't like to play those coy little games." When it came my turn, I just wrote, "unemployed." It is so incredible that she is now saying that my power over her was such that I "forced" her into her ridiculous joke for attention.

Just a few months before we were captured, Patty was actually in the arms of the police. She could have said anything she wanted, you know, like "I'm Patricia Hearst, get me out of here—but she didn't." She played it real cool

Bill: I'm not so sure it was a joke. I think writing down "urban guerrilla" was like this—if all of a sudden you realized that no matter what you've done, you still have that empire behind you. That's a lot of power. It's almost like, "I can say anything I want—my daddy's rich."

Emily: We understand from our own experiences that what Patricia is going through right now isn't very easy. But we are still disgusted with her and angry, angrier than we've ever been about anything. It just confirms my feelings about the ruling class. I see now that Patricia is obviously playing a willing role. It's not just a matter of her getting on the stand and describing her experience, and thereby exposing the names of people. She's getting on the stand and lying under oath in order to save her own ass. And, by saving her own ass, she becomes an obvious tool of her family and her class, because it is going to serve their interests totally to have her back as a loyal member—to say that these things really didn't happen, that it was all a sham. They've gotten her to fabricate whatever is necessary to negate everything—even little things. It's amazing that she would now negate her love for Willie.

Patty's more than a snitch. A snitch is someone that tells about experiences they've had that tend to incriminate other people. But what she's doing is fabricating things about other people—incriminating them with lies. She's even gotten up on the stand and fingered passing acquaintances—people who she says helped her when she was a fugitive—whom there was no need for her to mention. It's obvious that she has no principles or scruples, no desire to limit what she's saying to the minimum necessary to prepare her defense.

Bill: Even on the details—she now says that there was only a flashlight for reading in the closet, but she knows that there was a hanging lamp nailed to the wall. Bailey is dragging the jury around to look at two closets that Patricia is saying she was confined in when really she only spent time in the one in Daly City. By the time she moved into the Golden Gate apartment, she had already made her decision to stay with the SLA. She says I gave her four black eyes when I hit her. She was never hit by anyone—no one in the SLA was hit by another member of the SLA in anger. We wrestled and things like that to develop strength but no one was hit as she described it. And she was never sexually molested by Cinque—that's ridiculous.

Emily: Or this thing about being moved out of the Golden Gate apartment in a garbage can that was tied up and thrown in the back of a trunk. That garbage can was used to move bulky weapons because it could be carried into a house without looking suspicious—*she* was never in it.

Actually, we feel some pity for her, that she fell so fast. We just never expected that it would happen like that when we talked about it before the arrests. She'll get off, but where will she go? She has continually said over the last couple of years that she couldn't relate to her family and friends—even before she knew anything about the SLA—and now she's renounced the people she's felt closest to since then. What does she have left? She's basically compromised everything. ●

"Some Ecuadorians still evaluate coups the way other people rate horses and vintage wines."

Photo: Phuong Nga

"'I've never seen a coup so stupidly organized,' sniffed one Quito connoisseur. By four in the afternoon, it was all over."

TIME has by far the largest news-gathering organization of any magazine in the world. But surely none ever struck so happy a compromise between size and sensibility.

For instance, in covering an abortive 1975 coup in Ecuador, TIME unearthed the unlikely fact that the memorandum announcing the time and date of the uprising was sent, by mistake, to the president they were trying to oust. Which demonstrates TIME's journalistic eye for the all-too-human details that change mere facts into news.

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The Wood Burning Stove

Phoenix of the Forest

Stoked by the energy crisis and ecological concern, America's old love for the pot-bellied stove has burst into new flame

By Geoffrey Wolff

"The giant froglike oil burner squatted in Stern's basement, grunting away his dollars and his hopes." Bruce Jay Friedman hit upon this bleak, foreclosing metaphor, this paradigm of hopelessness, way back in 1962, before the Arabs, finding us alone and defenseless on the dark highway, obliged us to stand and deliver, before the Arabs pinched shut our nozzles, before we even knew there were such things as Arabs dressed in business suits. Heating oil wasn't 20 cents per gallon then, and today, with the stuff at 42 cents, the fictional Stern would sing thanksgiving to God to hear and feel an oil furnace blow his paycheck up the chimney. He could be heating himself with natural gas, of which there will soon be none, or—mercy on him—with electricity. As stockbrokers at the time of the Great Crash leapt from their Wall Street office windows, so today do the owners of all-electric houses leap, as the leaves turn, from their carport roofs.

In what are laughingly called the "temperate zones" of America, thermostats are aimed toward the frigid vectors as despair and anger rise, and with them cunning. The cry is heard: *Something must be done* to shave a buck off the heat bill, to cut a corner. And the angle has displaced the oval as the geometric shape of most seductive beauty.

And wood, a natural storage facility for solar energy, has become increasingly the grail of perpetual motion wizards, more than wind, more even than the direct benediction of the sun upon mechanical contrivances of one sort and another. Putting aside the benefits of whole tree harvesting, and the manufacture of wood chips to fuel steam turbines for the generation of electricity (*New Times*, October 31, 1975), it has been estimated that there is in this country sufficient annual growth of trees unsuitable for use as lumber to heat two-thirds of the nation's dwellings. It is no wonder that people look with longing to the woods and dream of fire. Statistics entice them: John McPhee, writing about firewood in the meticulously researched atmosphere of *The New Yorker*, flatly declares that wood "was the main source of energy in the world until the eighteen-fifties, and it still could be. Roughly a tenth of the annual growth of all the trees on earth could yield alcohol enough to run everything that now uses coal and petroleum—every airplane, every industry, every automobile."

Maybe, if all that wood could be harvested. Maybe not. What is certain is that suckers, drawn in such a cold climate to the warmth of such numbers, are frequently burned. McPhee's article tells of some citizens of New York who were propelled by the offer of free—or almost free—cutting privileges to state forests during the winter of the 1973-74 energy panic. At the time, wood was selling near New York City for better than $100 per cord. (A cord measures eight feet long by four feet by four feet. If anyone has ever been sold a true cord, please write the *Guinness Book of World Records*.) At $100 per nominal cord, this was not even good, dry wood, often not even hardwood, so it is little wonder that hardwood, at pennies a cord, looked like a sweet deal to people willing to sweat a bit to heat their houses for free, or to turn a buck by selling their free wood to city stay-at-homes. By the time these urban sawyers had rented or bought chain saws to cut the almost free wood, and had rented vans to carry it home, they were paying, some of them, as much as $300 per cord. A house situated in the temperate zones, heated by the most efficient wood-burning stove available, would require about 15 cords of dry hardwood to be heated through a winter. At such prices, electricity looks good.

But the price of wood has stabilized, and in most rural areas of the Northeast it can be had for $65 per cord, split and stacked, or as little as $30 per cord dumped in four-foot lengths in your driveway, for you to cut, split, stack and dry. At these prices wood, as an alternative to oil, gas and electricity, does make possible sense as a source of heat. There are many variables in reckoning the heat value of wood—its kind and its dryness, the efficiency of the stove used to burn it and the efficiency of the chimney—but it seems safe to say that wood is certainly cheaper than electricity as a source of heat, usually cheaper than gas and marginally cheaper or more costly than oil. For example, if oil is burned at 45 cents per gallon in a furnace of average efficiency (65 percent), then you could burn beechwood in a stove of average efficiency (50 percent) at $71 per cord, and save money. If you were to own your own woodlot—about one acre per cord per year would replenish firewood

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT VAN NUTT

eternally—then you would save a great deal of money.

If husbandry were all, if the sole provocation for the burning of wood were the achievement of household economies, it would be possible—not simple, but possible—to decide whether or not the enterprise made sense. But pyromania is only the supreme and psychotic symptom of a universal fascination with fire; the lick of flames and the crack of burning wood are hypnotic in their effect, transporting us to some distantly previous epoch when the family, or the tribe, shared warmth and safety and light, the almost miraculous serenity of a central fire. It is said that the dances we perform in front of the hearth (a word synonymous with *home* in pre-Chaucerian English, and its kissing cousin today) have hardened into ritual: We stamp our feet, rub our hands, blow on them, warm our fronts, cook our backs just as our ancestors did in the cave or the wattle hut with a smoke-hole cut through its roof. Rites of fire worship comprise an entire subsection of anthropology, and no myth is more central to modern preoccupations than that of Prometheus, who stole fire from the gods—the spark of life itself—and brought it to man, an act of fundamental rebellion for which he, as in the story of Christ, suffered for our comfort and convenience.

The cultivation of fire has always been risky; it has always required an act of will to overcome the instinct to flinch from heat and bright light. Danger mingles with the smell of wood smoke and places in high and theatrical relief the attraction of moving flames. Even in the tame season of the present, bad news waits in ambush for fire-users: Short-measured cords, chimney fires, miserable chores, smoke-filled living rooms and frozen pipes are only a few of the hazards. The demand for wood-burning stoves continues to exceed the supply, and quacks and sharpers have multiplied in keeping with the increase of the desperate. Just as the short supply of automobiles following World War II resulted in the manufacture of the notorious Kaisers and Frazers, cheap-jack fabrications of sheet metal called "stoves," together with handy-dandy contraptions that promise to increase by a radical degree the efficiency of your fireplace, are peddled to the unwary.

A fireplace gives no more than the illusion of warmth, especially if it is a masonry fireplace. It sucks huge masses of furnace-heated air through its mouth and up the chimney. If the house is tight and well-insulated, the fireplace fire, starved for oxygen, will weaken and smoke unless a window is cracked open to feed it with cold air from outside the house. A masonry fireplace is characteristically over-chimneyed, drawing too much hot air—and smoke—into the atmosphere. Some heat is radiated into a room from the immediate vicinity of a fireplace, about 20 percent or less of the BTUs thrown off by the wood burning therein, but this is more than offset by the loss of as much as 20 percent of the BTUs generated by the furnace, so the net value is a negative number.

The so-called Franklin stove, an open, free-standing metal fireplace whose doors may be shut, affords the spectacle of flames with a significant increase in efficiency. (Franklin's metal fireplace, which he refused to patent, bears little likeness to the units now identified by his name.) Franklins come in many sizes, at many prices, of many qualities. The worst are stitched together from sheet metal, and their parts do not properly fit. The best—made by Olympic and by Portland—are of cast iron, are extremely heavy (as much as 400 pounds), are pleasing to the touch and to the eye and may cost—tricked up with brass ornaments—as much as $500.

Rites of fire worship comprise a subsection of anthropology; no myth is more central to modern preoccupations than that of Prometheus

Cast iron is intrinsically superior to sheet metal as stove material. It can be continuously heated and cooled without warping, its greater thickness enables it to absorb more heat than sheet metal and retain the heat longer, and it can endure for a lifetime and more of constant use. Sheet metal is cheaper, but a sheet metal stove, constantly fatigued by gross alterations in its surface temperatures, has a short life, in many cases no more than three or four years. As the sheet metal warps, parts fail to fit, a terminal defect in an airtight stove. It does, however, take heat more quickly than cast iron, and is far easier to repair. A cast-iron stove must be seasoned, broken in with as many as a hundred moderate fires before it can take a mighty blaze without cracking. It is expensive to ship because of its weight and its fragile character, and few foundries are equipped to cast iron to the standards required for a stove of the highest quality. (Because transportation was so primitive in the early days of this country's history, most communities of any size had their own foundries and produced their own stoves, accounting for the pleasing variety of patterns and ornamentation to be found on antique wood and coal burners.)

To burn wood in a Franklin with its doors shut is to reduce the amount of warm air drawn from the room and up the flue, as well as to increase the efficiency of combustion and the surface area of heated metal. I am able to heat the upper two floors of my Vermont house—tight and well-insulated—with a large cast-iron Franklin. During a power failure last year which snuffed my oil furnace, I kept some of my house at 70 degrees, most at 60 and all at more than 45 by the use of that large Franklin, and the occasional use of a smaller one. The outside temperature was as low as -20. I also burned an intimidating volume of wood.

To do the job properly requires an airtight stove. A well-designed, airtight stove precisely monitors the amount of air fed to the fire, slowing combustion but burning off both solids (the wood itself) and the volatile gases driven from the wood by fire. Such a stove may well have a thermostat, usually a simple and effective bimetallic device caused to bend by changes of temperature, and thus able to open and shut a damper. Any airtight stove should be able to hold a fire overnight. Primary air is fed to the coals at the base of the fire, and the secondary air to the gases above it, and so efficiently is the wood burned in such a device that ashes need be removed only once every week while the stove is in constant use.

A price is paid for such efficiency, however. Airtight stoves—whether they use horizontal or downdraft principles of combustion—are notorious for the formation of creosote in their stovepipes and chimneys. Creosote is flammable—very flammable. If a man with excessive creosote in his chimney is smart, he cleans his chimney, as often as need demands, perhaps as often as every ten days. If he is not smart—or is a gambler and lucky—the creosote builds up to such an extent that it chokes shut his chimney, effectively preventing him from lighting fires in his stove. If he is not lucky, he experiences the unforgettable phenomenon of a chimney fire. He first hears a roaring above the firebox, and then a sucking sound, and then the explosive din of a

blast furnace. He runs outside, looks up and is amazed to see fire and sparks shooting as high as 75 feet into the night air. Perhaps he has a metal roof and no trees near his chimney. Or perhaps it is raining or snowing. Perhaps, then, his roof will not be set alight. But the chimney, especially if it is of uninsulated metal, will begin to glow like hellfire as it works like a bellows to pull the oxygen it wants, and may set beams and rafters aflame. Maybe the gambler's house will not burn down. Lucky gambler.

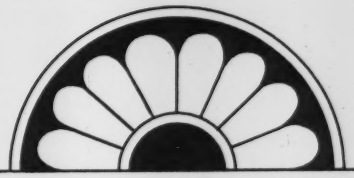
Creosote is a tarry liquid, the product of wood distilled by combustion, present in the gases driven off wood by burning it. It condenses from these flue gases when the stack temperature in the chimney drops below 250 degrees. Since the design ambition of an airtight stove is to liberate heat into the house rather than up the chimney, the more efficient the stove the more likely it is to produce creosote. Precautions are available, however: Softwood, such as pine, should be avoided in favor of hardwood, such as oak, maple, beech or ash, and this should be dry, seasoned at least one year, if at all possible. Whatever wood may be burned, and in whatever state, a chimney fire cannot start in the absence of creosote. It is messy, but not impossibly difficult, to clean a chimney. Some advocate the merits of a stout chain rattled vigorously against the inside walls of the chimney from its mouth atop the roof. The countryman's technique is to cut a small evergreen, weight its top and shove it upside down from the roof down the flue, drawing it back and forth to scrape off the creosote. Whoever stands at the bottom had best be a close friend or an enemy: He will be blackened. As a last, and entirely forgivable, resort, a professional chimney sweep may be engaged. In Europe, where they have burned down more houses than we have built, many municipalities require that all fireplaces, stoves and chimneys be licensed, and that proof be offered that a professional has swept the house's chimneys twice or more each year. (Do not be lulled into serenity by the use of a product called Chimney Sweep, a saltlike substance to be thrown from time to time upon the fire for the purpose of magically cleaning your flue. People who believe in free lunches have flat bellies; people who believe in convenient magic have char-blackened foundations without houses.)

Americans have made it their purpose to improve on the ideas of their ancestors across the Atlantic. One of our better ideas has been to invert the European system of fitting stovepipes. Over there the crimped end faces down and the receiving end up. Thus, when gooey creosote flows down the pipe, in accordance with the wishes of Newton's law of universal gravitation, it flows unimpeded back into the firebox of the stove whence it came, and is harmlessly ignited. In Europe. In America, where the male fitting thrusts up into the female, the goo seeps out at the stovepipe joints and falls upon rugs, furniture, dozing cats. It is enough to make you wonder, and mad.

The accumulation of creosote in masonry fireplaces and Franklin stoves is far less severe than in airtight units, and a thorough cleaning every year of a well-used fireplace should suffice. But *nota bene:* Many a dwelling provided its own brief, hot flame long before the invention of either airtight stoves or metal chimneys. It is possible to find people who will recommend the deliberate setting of occasional small chimney fires in order to ward off one final performance. This is a bit like suggesting that you starve yourself to death to prevent a heart disease caused by overweight.

The stuff that goes up the chimney and into the air weighs twice as much as the log it came from. If it is sooty in appearance, or billows darkly, it offers evidence of an inefficient fire below. Wisps of white smoke are to be desired, but to see them the wood being burned must be of high quality. One winter in Spain, having come to the hills of the Costa del Sol to lie lizardlike basking in a garden while the rest of the world's people watched steam condense in front of their faces as they ran to catch the bus, I had some experience with the characteristics of olivewood. The temperature through that winter never budged from the high forties and low fifties. The wind blew in damp gusts that rattled the loose windows. The house was expensive to rent, and it had marble floors that looked like linoleum floors made to look like marble floors. We heated our bathroom by electricity at a cost slightly below our monthly food bill, and I had the use in my study of a kerosene heater that kept half of me warm, as long as I wore flannel underwear, a quilted parka designed for use on the Alaska pipeline and a hat. I never learned to type with mittens. The rest of the house we heated (flexible word) by olivewood burned (more flexible word) in a huge masonry fireplace. Olivewood will burn, after a fashion, but I never quite believed this and, time out of mind, set fire to the cuffs of my trousers, having crawled into the mouth of the fireplace to discover what was happening to my fireproof logs, bought for about a dollar per log. I welcomed the sensation of warmth.

In this country, grey birch has a



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• The Lange, imported from Denmark, is also of conspicuous high quality, a cast-iron stove available in four models. Like the Jøtul, its doors are hand-filed to fit each stove individually and each of its models is available with an enameled surface—the Lange's blue and the Jøtul's green. Prices for stoves of similar size from the two companies are competitive, as are their performances. Langes and Jøtuls may safely be considered a toss-up, with your response to exterior design the deciding factor between them. A friend has been heating half his house with the smallest Lange—6203BR—and without complaint. (He also cleans his chimney every ten days.) Information is available from Scandinavian Stoves, in Alstead, New Hampshire.

• Ashleys, made in Sheffield, Alabama, cost as little as $150. The main body of the stove is made of sheet metal and must be replaced every couple of years, but the door, top and legs are of cast iron. Ashleys control draft with a bimetallic thermostat, and the biggest model will heat five rooms. The stove will accept logs as long as two feet, will hold a fire overnight and will burn—according to my friends—anything, including such junk wood as pine and grey birch, with high enthusiasm. Ashley owners are devoted and loyal. Some models are equipped with a steel cabinet of baked enamel finish, with gold trim, an unfortunate tarting up of a piece of equipment that, in its plug-ugly unadorned state, speaks of honesty, simplicity and good character.

• So too the Riteway, manufactured in Harrisonburg, Va. The model 2000 costs about $300, has a thermostat and is made of heavy gauge steel (the parts will not last as long, certainly, as cast iron, but are simple and inexpensive to replace). Like the biggest Ashley, the Riteway 2000 is available with a cabinet that disguises its function. Riteway also manufactures a furnace, with forced air combustion, at a cost of about $2,000. (A study by the state of Vermont suggests that the complete conversion of home heating systems to wood might cost between $2,000 and $3,500.) I know no one who owns a Riteway furnace (or a Bellway, made in Grafton, Vermont, costing $3,000 and suitable for the heating of as many as ten rooms), but the Riteway 2000 is a fine stove, effective (though not as super-efficient as its brochure suggests, especially in the elimination of creosote) and honest.

• Finally, there is the Defiant, a single model made of cast iron by Vermont Castings, of Randolph, Vermont. The designer, Duncan Syme, is my good friend, so I am nervous about recommending his stove with the enthusiasm I would show had I found my way to it without his guidance. It costs $425, and I wish I owned one, and I probably will. It is beautifully constructed, will hold as much as 60 pounds of wood, has the longest flame path of any stove made (the longer the path taken by the flame, the more surface it heats) and should last, like the Lange and Jøtul, forever. It is larger and heavier than the Scandinavian units and will accept logs 26 inches long. Unlike them, it has a thermostat, and, unlike all of them except the Jøtul #4, its doors may be opened for the viewing of the fire. (Thus used, the Defiant is no more efficient than a conventional Franklin.) Most convertible contrivances are sorry creatures whose halves equal less than a whole. Automobiles that float and boats with wheels perform miserably on land and sea alike. The Defiant seems to be an authentic exception: If you wish to stare into a roaring fire, you may. Satisfied and eager to go about your business in a house heated by efficient, airtight combustion, you may. The Defiant also enjoys the advantage of a ground, cast-iron cooking griddle, with a grease trap. May its tribe increase.

—G.W.

from both. Ashes should be left below the grate to a depth of about two inches to receive the embers that give off such heat and pleasure, and to protect the bottom of the stove from excessively high temperatures. I cannot in good conscience advocate the removal of your firescreen, but I will in bad conscience advocate its removal, until you leave the fire unattended.

The procedures for laying fires in airtight stoves vary from stove to stove, and are more critical than those for laying fires in a fireplace or Franklin. (Never, on any account, touch a fire laid in a friend's house. This is an intolerable presumption, even worse than suggesting to him a better arrangement of his bedroom furniture.) Airtight stoves function according to different principles of combustion, but all of them seek to burn those gases unburned by fireplaces and Franklins, the volatiles released up the chimney with the same economic effect as if one were to run natural gas or propane up the flue without troubling to ignite it. These gases represent as much as half the heat value of a log, and their proper combustion by airtight stoves has provoked a revolution in the sale and manufacture of wood-burning hardware.

Because wood is replenishable, because there is plenty of it, because the selective cutting of wood unsuitable for use as timber only improves the condition of the forests, wood is uniquely attractive as a fuel. The chemical reaction that occurs within the leaf is the only known natural exchange that stores energy from the sun. Wood heat is a loan from the sun of short term, not much longer than the time that spans the birth of a grandfather and the death of his grandson, and if people don't use it to heat themselves, it will sooner or later be liberated by rot and decay whence it came, polluting the air no less than it would pollute it by being burned by people. ●

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The following is a list of stoves that seem to me to make sense as wood-burners. All of them are airtight, and I am personally acquainted with people who have used each of them, unless noted otherwise.

• The most widely purchased airtight is the Jøtul, a cast-iron stove that comes in many models and is imported from Norway by Kristia Associates in Portland, Maine. The director of Kristia Associates, Eva Horton, sold 11,000 stoves in 1974, 18,000 this year, and estimates that her market next year will be 30,000. The Jøtul can efficiently heat as large a space as 8,500 cubic feet, holding a fire overnight. Two of the models, the #602 (costing a bit more than $200) and the #118 (costing about $300) burn logs from the front to the back, like cigars. They are available with enamel finishes, making them simple to clean (and to chip, especially during their long sea passage and transport from their port of entry), and they are handsome artifacts. The #4 (about $450) opens its doors to allow you to behold the fire but is an ungainly looking thing. I have heard two complaints about Jøtuls: They are difficult to light (not all owners agree), and the #602 requires tiny logs of less than 12 inches. They are all gorgeously crafted.

• The Lange, imported from Denmark, is also of conspicuous high quality, a cast-iron stove available in four models. Like the Jøtul, its doors are hand-filed to fit each stove individually and each of its models is available with an enameled surface—the Lange's blue and the Jøtul's green. Prices for stoves of similar size from the two companies are competitive, as are their performances. Langes and Jøtuls may safely be considered a toss-up, with your response to exterior design the deciding factor between them. A friend has been heating half his house with the smallest Lange—6203BR—and without complaint. (He also cleans his chimney every ten days.) Information is available from Scandinavian Stoves, in Alstead, New Hampshire.

• Ashleys, made in Sheffield, Alabama, cost as little as $150. The main body of the stove is made of sheet metal and must be replaced every couple of years, but the door, top and legs are of cast iron. Ashleys control draft with a bimetallic thermostat, and the biggest model will heat five rooms. The stove will accept logs as long as two feet, will hold a fire overnight and will burn—according to my friends—anything, including such junk wood as pine and grey birch, with high enthusiasm. Ashley owners are devoted and loyal. Some models are equipped with a steel cabinet of baked enamel finish, with gold trim, an unfortunate tarting up of a piece of equipment that, in its plug-ugly unadorned state, speaks of honesty, simplicity and good character.

• So too the Riteway, manufactured in Harrisonburg, Va. The model 2000 costs about $300, has a thermostat and is made of heavy gauge steel (the parts will not last as long, certainly, as cast iron, but are simple and inexpensive to replace). Like the biggest Ashley, the Riteway 2000 is available with a cabinet that disguises its function. Riteway also manufactures a furnace, with forced air combustion, at a cost of about $2,000. (A study by the state of Vermont suggests that the complete conversion of home heating systems to wood might cost between $2,000 and $3,500.) I know no one who owns a Riteway furnace (or a Bellway, made in Grafton, Vermont, costing $3,000 and suitable for the heating of as many as ten rooms), but the Riteway 2000 is a fine stove, effective (though not as super-efficient as its brochure suggests, especially in the elimination of creosote) and honest.

• Finally, there is the Defiant, a single model made of cast iron by Vermont Castings, of Randolph, Vermont. The designer, Duncan Syme, is my good friend, so I am nervous about recommending his stove with the enthusiasm I would show had I found my way to it without his guidance. It costs $425, and I wish I owned one, and I probably will. It is beautifully constructed, will hold as much as 60 pounds of wood, has the longest flame path of any stove made (the longer the path taken by the flame, the more surface it heats) and should last, like the Lange and Jøtul, forever. It is larger and heavier than the Scandinavian units and will accept logs 26 inches long. Unlike them, it has a thermostat, and, unlike all of them except the Jøtul #4, its doors may be opened for the viewing of the fire. (Thus used, the Defiant is no more efficient than a conventional Franklin.) Most convertible contrivances are sorry creatures whose halves equal less than a whole. Automobiles that float and boats with wheels perform miserably on land and sea alike. The Defiant seems to be an authentic exception: If you wish to stare into a roaring fire, you may. Satisfied and eager to go about your business in a house heated by efficient, airtight combustion, you may. The Defiant also enjoys the advantage of a ground, cast-iron cooking griddle, with a grease trap. May its tribe increase.

—G.W.

from both. Ashes should be left below the grate to a depth of about two inches to receive the embers that give off such heat and pleasure, and to protect the bottom of the stove from excessively high temperatures. I cannot in good conscience advocate the removal of your firescreen, but I will in bad conscience advocate its removal, until you leave the fire unattended.

The procedures for laying fires in airtight stoves vary from stove to stove, and are more critical than those for laying fires in a fireplace or Franklin. (Never, on any account, touch a fire laid in a friend's house. This is an intolerable presumption, even worse than suggesting to him a better arrangement of his bedroom furniture.) Airtight stoves function according to different principles of combustion, but all of them seek to burn those gases unburned by fireplaces and Franklins, the volatiles released up the chimney with the same economic effect as if one were to run natural gas or propane up the flue without troubling to ignite it. These gases represent as much as half the heat value of a log, and their proper combustion by airtight stoves has provoked a revolution in the sale and manufacture of wood-burning hardware.

Because wood is replenishable, because there is plenty of it, because the selective cutting of wood unsuitable for use as timber only improves the condition of the forests, wood is uniquely attractive as a fuel. The chemical reaction that occurs within the leaf is the only known natural exchange that stores energy from the sun. Wood heat is a loan from the sun of short term, not much longer than the time that spans the birth of a grandfather and the death of his grandson, and if people don't use it to heat themselves, it will sooner or later be liberated by rot and decay whence it came, polluting the air no less than it would pollute it by being burned by people. ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

laughing all the way to the gallows

Audiences at Lina Wertmuller's films don't know whether to chuckle or cry. Are her characters heroes or villains? Are her movies feminist or sexist? Riding a wave of critical raves, the Italian director arrived in America recently to provide a few of the answers

By Marjorie Rosen

Power fascinates her. Political power. Sexual power. The power of volume and bulk, the power of grotesquerie.

Ever since Italian movie director Lina Wertmuller was a child, she has had an almost pathological aversion to authority. "I was terrible. I was thrown out of 15 schools," she tells me as we chat in her suite at New York's Hotel Pierre. "My earliest memory is of a Fascist inspection in nursery school when I was about 3 years old. I had to go to the bathroom to make kaka, and because of the inspection, this was forbidden. But I had to go. When the inspectors came in, they looked directly at me, asked me a question, and my only answer was to pull up my skirt, pull down my panties and eliminate right there. 'You dirty girl,' they yelled, but I was too happy relieving myself to care. That's where I started." She claps her hands together and howls with laughter. "It was the beginning of liberation in every sense: the freedom of customs, rejection of bourgeois morals, contestation of authority and the shit itself, which was an accident. A perfect symbol of everything!"

Wertmuller recently came to town with one dazzling new film, *Seven Beauties;* one somewhat-less-than-dazzling older film, *All Screwed Up;* an entourage of friends, relatives and coworkers that increased daily until she finally dubbed the retinue of 11 "the Wertmuller gang"; and the vitality to sit through a week of nonstop interviews and stand through a mobbed reception line after the January 17 Lincoln Center Film Society gala in her honor—as though she were a pig in a poke. Before leaving town, she signed an exclusive contract with Warner Brothers to write and direct four English-language films, two of them to be shot in this country. For the 47-year-old director, who has enjoyed meteoric ascension in the past two years with the release of her films, *Love and Anarchy, The Seduction of Mimi* and, finally, *Swept Away by an Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea of August, Seven Beauties* is opening to the kind of huzzahs usually reserved for Bergman, Fellini or Kubrick. Superlatives such as "masterpiece," "brilliant" and "the greatest film ever made" are being tossed Wertmuller's way, and usually cautious critics are behaving like kids in love for the first time. *New York*'s John Simon even flew to Rome the week before Wertmuller came here in order to scoop the story for the magazine's cover; everyone wants to be the first on the block to recognize genius.

Seven Beauties is, if not a masterpiece, then certainly one of the most ambitious canvasses ever to be put on screen. No European filmmaker has created such controversy since Bertolucci filmed Brando dipping his hand into a bar of butter in *Last Tango in Paris.* And to my way of thinking, despite immense political and moral ambiguities that consistently crop up in Wertmuller's pictures and that I frankly cannot resolve, no director working today has such an audacious vision, such a pulse on the comic, erotic and tragic possibilities of man, and such an irreverence for myths, both political and sexual. You love Wertmuller or you hate her, but you don't dismiss her. She sticks to your gut.

Wertmuller's ripely perverse sensibility, a sensibility engrossed with scatology and flesh and violence, contrasts with her ostensibly bourgeois upbringing. Born in 1928, she was raised in Rome, the daughter of a well-to-do lawyer and his wife who—it's perhaps significant—decided to divorce only a few years ago. "It's tragic," the director now comments. "My mother threw him out and said, 'That's it. I don't want to look at you any more,' and my father answered, 'Why? I

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

can't understand it.' He doesn't remember their life together, which was, as it is for most men of the south, very boring in the house, vital and lively on the outside. So he keeps envisioning this love story with my mother, but for her it was a hell of a life. He busted her balls, and finally she couldn't take it any more."

If this domestic angst was affecting, Wertmuller denies it. But there were other outlets, other distractions. As a young girl, she escaped the stringencies of an authoritarian and then-compulsory parochial school education by going to the movies—American movies—as often as possible. "I saw all of them and loved all of them. Gary Cooper and Katharine Hepburn were my heroes. And Fred Astaire and Gable," she recalls.

Just after World War II she joined a theater director's school run by a pupil of Stanislavski's named Pietro Sharoff, and in 1951 she helped found a short-lived avant-garde theater group. While writing plays for Italian radio, television and theater, Wertmuller was introduced to Federico Fellini by her best friend, Flora (Mrs. Marcello) Mastroianni; in 1962 Fellini hired her as his assistant on *8½*. That same year he helped her secure financing for her first feature, *The Lizards*, a lyrical black-and-white comedy about the inertia and dreams of three young Sicilian men. The film won a prize at the Locarno Festival and launched Wertmuller's career. Since then, she has written and directed eight more films, as well as a number of theater pieces. In 1968, she and Giancarlo Giannini, a young actor who would later star in *Love and Anarchy*, *Mimi*, *Swept Away* and, currently, *Seven Beauties*, collaborated for the first time when he appeared on stage in a play Wertmuller wrote, *Two Plus Two No Longer Makes Four*.

Today Wertmuller talks vaguely about the "many directors" she likes or the "many directors" who influenced her, but she still retains special feelings for Fellini, her mentor. "He helps you affirm your personality and frees you from fears. He doesn't believe in rules, he invents the rules," she says. " 'Little potato,' he calls me. 'Hey, little potato, you're the only one who gives me any satisfaction.' I'm very close to him."

The two may share the same vision, the aesthetic of the gargoyle, the lushness of the bizarre, but in her work Wertmuller relies solely on her own process of imagination. "You must be guided by your sense of what's right, what is exact, *what you like*. If something doesn't work, you must throw it out and begin again. Many things about my movies are criticized, but I cannot betray what's right for myself. It's all I've got."

Or almost all. As participating collaborators Wertmuller has the finely honed talents of Giannini and of her art director, Enrico Job, who also happens to be her husband of eight years. "All three of us look at rushes daily because we must agree on some basic things; if one of us doesn't agree, we must stop and talk about it," she explains. "My husband is a fine avant-garde and conceptual artist who works primarily in his own field; he's highly educated and I have a great rapport with his mind. Indeed, he's the critic I respect the most."

Is it difficult for Wertmuller to manage a husband and a career? "No," she explains, "because Enrico and I are like two dogs or gypsies or babies. When we're working on a film together, maybe four months out of a year, we stay together a lot. Otherwise, we have our own fields to pursue. Ours is not a home, it's a place where you go to sleep."

There is something perversely heroic about this "little Italian worm" utilizing every breath, every drop of semen and sex fantasy left in him, to perform atop that sadistic monolith of death

Newsweek's Maureen Orth, who lived with the Jobs while she was assisting Wertmuller on *Seven Beauties*, remarked that the director was a genuine "kitten" with her husband. American actress Shirley Stoler, who portrays the huge Nazi commandant in *Seven Beauties*, observed the couple's relationship this way: "They're very much into each other's heads. Job is an Aries, calm, airy, has a poetic quality—a tranquillity about him. He's air and water; she's fire. He's part of Wertmuller's success, and they get along beautifully."

"I agree that it wouldn't be easy for a man if we were competing in the same field," Wertmuller acknowledges, "but there's no competition between us. None at all. It's true that our relationship is a miracle. I know I'm very lucky."

"Lina is the strongest person I've ever known," one source tells me, "but I think *Swept Away* shouldn't be taken in the same way as her other films because I feel there's a certain amount of personal fantasy involved. I think Lina would like to find someone stronger than herself, someone who could dominate—or perhaps be equal with—her."

"Wertmuller has a masculine streak," Shirley Stoler observes. "She calls herself a ballbreaker. In one interview, she said, 'There are three things you need to do to become a successful director: Break balls, break balls, break balls.' Often, she'd yell, 'Cut this out. I'm the only ballbreaker on the set.' "

Yet Stoler adored the experience of working with Wertmuller. "The level was high-keyed. Everything was a high: the anger, the joy. Despite the commotion on the set, Lina knows what she's doing every single moment." Stoler admits that Wertmuller controlled every step, every word of her performance. "At first I was resentful, then I realized that she was painting a picture and I had no choice but to trust her. It was worth it."

Stoler recalls that on the set Wertmuller was omnipresent. "She's in everything—behind the camera, next to it. She directs every single movement, every gesture. Nothing is left to chance. And she's very demanding. For example, during my couch scene with Giancarlo, Lina told me to get into an absolutely difficult physical position. I'm very large, after all, and I'm not a gymnast. It was absolutely impossible to do, and I told her. And very patiently she replied, 'I know that. Do it anyway.' And I did."

Another day Stoler played her long monologue to Wertmuller, who was standing in for Giannini, and says, "It was probably the most satisfying day I'd ever worked in my life because I got such fire back from her, an absolute electricity. It really clicked."

In Italy, a director has an opportunity to cajole, to elicit, to carry on a running conversation with the actors while shooting a take because all sound is post-dubbed. Consequently, the noise level is exhaustive; in *Newsweek*, Orth reports that "on the set Wertmuller's main means of communication was to scream creative curses." Only Giannini and Job were spared.

Whatever the method, the performances Wertmuller extracts from her actors and technicians are bravura in quality. The director is amused when I suggest that the way her camera caresses the mobile planes of Giannini's face recalls the way Sternberg photographed Dietrich. "I love Giancarlo very dearly,

A free lance writer living in New York, Marjorie Rosen is the author of Popcorn Venus *and is currently at work on a screenplay.*

The versatile face of Giannini appears in *Swept Away* (top), *The Seduction of Mimi* (center left), *Love and Anarchy* (center right) and *Seven Beauties* (bottom).

Giancarlo Giannini: an actor prepares

It's perhaps the first time that a buffoon turns matinee idol, a coward emerges romantic hero, a funny man is sexy. Italian actor Giancarlo Giannini, 33, whose droll, mobile face houses a pair of the most remarkably expressive eyes in the history of cinema, is a major reason for the success of Lina Wertmuller's films.

In person the eyes are not headlights, just eyes: observant, alert, given to twinkle when he's amused. He's slim and lithe, about 5′ 9″, with fair hair and skin. The voice is deep and well-modulated. Recently, Giannini, who worked in the theater for ten years before coming to the screen, discussed the problems of film acting in the context of his Wertmuller movies.

"I use a great many external tricks; I start building the character from the outside. Tunin, for instance, in *Love and Anarchy*, represented a strong, pure element of nature; he's a poet for me, a force who springs from the earth. So I wanted a static feeling, something heavy and immobile. Tunin was very open, with his eyes open on the world, but he was also diffident, just like peasants are. I'm a very vital man in front of the camera, but Tunin had to have a slow, lumbering walk. I used shoes weighted with steel soles, and for my clothes I used thick, coarse wool, as well as an undershirt and two pairs of pants even though it was summer.

"The hardest thing to do on screen is the simplest gesture, the one look or movement that should mean only one thing. Often it's a very technical mechanism that conveys this one emotion or feeling. It's not always true on screen that an authentic emotion expresses it maximally. I understood this after seeing scenes from films where I really was getting emotionally involved; sometimes it didn't carry over.

"It's important that I like the character I'm playing. So, despite the fact that they're cowards or failures or immoral in some fundamental way, I look at them as vulnerable, as victims, as products badly manufactured by society. To treat them with love and sympathy is important. To make people laugh is a very difficult art. To make people laugh and cry simultaneously is almost impossible. It's what fascinates me the most." **—M.R.**

he's a great actor, magnificent; so we live beautiful adventures together," she laughs. "But I always have this type of rapport with the human face. For me, Shirley [Stoler] has a beautiful face; you always see her close up, it's a lovely panorama. The human face is like a country, very beautiful. But my close-ups are never out of the blue, they always explore some dramatic tension. If you saw me when I film a close-up, you'd laugh. I'll show you."

Wertmuller pulls her petite interpreter, Juliana Davison, down on the sofa; then, so swiftly, as if it were a single movement, she sits on Davison's lap and wraps her legs in a scissor's grip around her waist. Their faces are but inches apart. "I do it this way for all my close-ups—with Mariangela, Elena Fiore, Giancarlo. This way I get the tension. And the silence. Silences are always full of many things. I always have a lot of noise in my movies, but there are great silences, too, which tell a lot more."

Wertmuller's latest success, *Seven Beauties*, is based on a true story told to the director and Giannini by a man who later worked as an extra in the film. "The reality is even more terrible and incredible," Giannini admits. "As soon as the real Pasqualino got into the concentration camp, they took out all his teeth, then they brought in the cadaver of a woman, cut off her breast and made him eat it. That's just one of his stories, but too fantastic, maybe, for the movie."

The movie is pretty fantastic anyway. A bawdy and sacrilegious depiction of atrocity and amorality, *Seven Beauties* concerns Pasqualino (Giancarlo Giannini), a foppish Neapolitan hood who discovers that the eldest of his seven ugly sisters (Elena Fiore) is a whore. He murders her pimp to avenge family honor and is sent to jail, then an insane asylum, the Fascist front lines and, finally, after being captured as a deserter, to a German concentration camp. The camp is really the heart of the film, and Wertmuller plays quite seriously with an old joke—"Fucking as if one's life depended on it"—transforming the humor into a devastating pun. She brazenly juxtaposes the camp's harsh surrealistic atmosphere with perhaps the most ludicrous and horrifying seduction scene on celluloid: Pasqualino, a drawn, pathetic rodent of a man, recalling his mother's advice that "women are women . . . bitter on top but sweet at the bottom. . . . You have to stir to bring sugar to your lips," hums a love song to the camp's mammoth Wagnerian commandant (Shirley Stoler), an impassive wall of flesh and leather. The courtship is a desperate one: Contact made, the mouse woos the mountain; survival depends on performance. The commandant, placing a dish of sausages at her feet for Pasqualino to lap up like a dog, orders, "First you eat. . . then you fuck. . . . If you don't fuck, then kaput."

He survives, but the good die young: a fellow deserter (Piero di Orio) who breaks down under the indignities of the camp; and an "enlightened" anarchist (Fernando Rey) who gives Pasqualino a political lesson before jumping into a trough of excrement where he knows he will be shot down. At the war's end, Pasqualino returns to Naples, his life force exhausted, to encounter a final irony: All seven pasty sisters, his elderly mother and innocent girlfriend are now swabbing their lips with the red lipstick that signals whoredom. The silly vanity that precipitated his own corruption has brought him full circle; the initial murder, an absurd gesture defending the family's honor, was for nought.

"I don't think the solution to man's solitude is a line of men masturbating and a line of women masturbating"

Wertmuller constantly unbalances our equilibrium, enriching her essentially negative Giannini protagonists with likable foibles and weaknesses with a dumb kind of sweetness and a certain bravura life force that's touching because it's fiercely brave. Wertmuller's heroes are buffoons thrown into situations where they face moral choices they're not up to. They're all failures, every one of them, and their conflict boils down to a division between salvation for the greater good and personal survival at any cost. There is something perversely heroic about Pasqualino, this dried-up "little Italian worm," utilizing every breath, every drop of semen and sex fantasy left in him, to perform atop that sadistic monolith of death, the commandant. A monumentally primal hell emerges tragicomic as this hero whispers, "Are you a witch? An enchantress?" His words catch in *our* throats; the humor is so black, a cosmic freak show, a confrontation pushed to its savage outer limits.

As she's pushing, Wertmuller also worms her way inside a number of primal myths—myths dealing with sadism, flesh, Mommy, sexuality and power. Violence in American moviegoing is nothing new, but it takes on more of an explicit sexual overtone when it's being enacted between a man and woman. Feminists, particularly, feel that Wertmuller has pounced on their toes with her sledgehammer vision, and because she pits male and female opposite each other in unorthodox power struggles, accusations of misogyny and sexism grow louder with each film that arrives here. One New York critic said that after *Swept Away*, his fiancée threatened never to talk to him again if he ever wrote one word of praise for Wertmuller. Another claimed he's overheard four men in a steam room discussing how erotic they'd found the battle-rape scene in *Swept Away*. Wouldn't they be surprised to discover the movie is actually a very Victorian and highly political feminist fable in which economic controls determine dominance? In other words, in "civilization" the aristocratic woman, Raffaela, has the upper hand; on the island, because Gennarino can commandeer and monopolize the means of survival (food, shelter), his will is dominant.

To defend Wertmuller's offhand feminism against a tide of raging women is surely iconoclastic, not to mention uncomfortable; yet her screen women are so visceral and strong and spontaneous that even their abrasiveness is refreshing relief. If Wertmuller's heroes are fools, her females are people of great decisiveness. None of them cloys, none of them simpers. It's they who control the situations: In *Love and Anarchy*, the two whores, Tripolina and Salome, conspire to allow Tunin to sleep through the assassination rendezvous. In *The Seduction of Mimi*, Elena Fiore grabs Mimi on his release from jail and insists he play Daddy, in recompense for the husband he indirectly murdered and the child he sired. In *Swept Away*, Raffaela walks away from her desert island idyll, enriched by the experience and saddened, though not embittered; on the other hand, the naif, Gennarino, overinvested and brokenhearted, feels the kind of bitterness that belongs not to the victor but to the vanquished. As for the sisters in *Seven Beauties*, with Pasqualino out of reach, they find prostitution more rewarding than stuffing mattresses; and the commandant, the larger-than-life force who bestows or withholds death, carries the keys to the kingdom of Wertmuller's particular hell.

There's a sense of exhilarating impartiality about the way Wertmuller handles her women; they are not above scrutiny or beyond laughter. If their largeness or lumpiness offend, if warts,

facial hair or cellulite ripples evoke cries of sexism, are we not then boxing ourselves into a corner with the same double standard we abhor? The sexual interactions between Giannini and Elena Fiore or Giannini and Shirley Stoler are a great deal more interesting and carry a good many more reverberations than if Sophia Loren, or even Glenda Jackson, had partnered him. Remember, too, Sidney Greenstreet once demanded favors of Joan Crawford, Ernest Borgnine once courted Betsy Blair.

Wertmuller herself has specific ideas about men, women, flesh and violence. As we talk, she gesticulates, jumps up to pour a glass of water, then returns and flings her just-over-five-foot body across the white sofa of her hotel living room. While the swarm of gold necklaces and Israeli beads hugging her neck clank in tympany, she brings one hand up to her forehead in a dramatic gesture as a parade of journalists and photographers come to court her. "The dying swan . . . just a bird in a gilded cage." Then, to the point, "I don't think the solution to man's solitude is a line of men masturbating and a line of women masturbating. It's very important to keep the mystery and all the ceremonies of sex," Wertmuller explains. "Sexually I'm a very satisfied person. I don't have complexes. I love sex, it's the greatest joy in life. I love people making love, and I think the sex act works much better with other kinds of love than on its own. But sex is a serious thing, and also quite mysterious. You have to respect those mysteries."

Ironically, the way the director employs flesh and violence seems to do just the opposite, to shatter the mystery or myth by clawing at the core of it. Although I'm compelled by the way Wertmuller fastens on flesh, I'm not entirely satisfied with her defense of it, which seems halfhearted at best: "I like fat because it touches on a great deal of mythology," she says. "The mythology connected with woman and the earth, the mother and the wife, the home. Fat is a reassuring volume in which we all go back to the womb, to early feelings. It's also a beautiful representation of power, of procession, quantity, abundance. It's something that for many years has been a symbol of beauty in poor countries. There are many implications in fat."

Yes. But the puffy chins, pale blown-up bellies and expanses of stretch-marked buttocks Wertmuller uses can hardly be classified as beautiful. She avoids Rubenesque fat, selecting flesh that's also hairy, moled, sagging with age. Which is fine, so fine that its implications

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go beyond fecundity and beauty. Power, yes. The earth, yes. Even more, it's the power of the grotesque, and the connection seems to be not merely to Mommy but to the Devouring Mommy who suffocates and swallows up her man. The subjective camera angle in *The Seduction of Mimi* plays on Mimi's fear, his terror of losing himself in the folds of Elena Fiore's bovine proportions. By association it's an allusion to the *vagina dentata*, the quintessential Freudian dilemma—we all desire Mommy to nurture us, we all hate Mommy for making us dependent. And, specifically, with these overripe women Wertmuller seems to be rubbing our noses in men's basic ambivalence to the female body, a body admired for its soft external lines but feared for its complex internal workings and plumbing, for its rhythms that relate to nature and the life force, but that are indeed still dark and hidden and primordially mysterious.

I find this one of the most cauterizing aspects of Wertmuller's flesh imagery, yet I assume it's intuitive, for when I propose the Devouring Woman theme to her, she thoughtfully rejects it. "I don't feel that way at all, though it may be so. I'm probably not aware of what makes fat beautiful for me, but I find very skinny women terrible; even very thin men. Being thin is sexless. I like the humors of sex—people who give, who put out. Did you know fat women are much more sexual? Yes, yes. Thin women are unattractive, the creation of faggot designers; they are androgynous creatures, like little boys, and I find them uninteresting."

As for sexual violence, Wertmuller appears somewhat tickled by my questions, parrying them lightly: "I'll go out and get whipped on the ass, then I'll tell you about it." Later she speaks more seriously: "I believe that in life there's always this kind of sadomasochism, even if it's unintentional. My films always talk about the use and misuse of power, and the administration of power as reported through the personality; and that is very close to this erotic analysis."

Wertmuller cocks her head and shrugs off feminist fallout over the physically explosive nature of her sexual encounters. "Yes, they do get mad about it. But when I go to a movie and see two people on screen kissing in an elevator, I hear the violins and I fall asleep. ZZZZ." She throws out a loud snore. "I'm never sentimental. I love love, but I think that sentimentalism is very boring. And sin makes sex much more fun. Besides, it's difficult to establish the levels of eroticism or sadomasochism inside each of us. Many people were very moved by the emotionality of *Swept Away* because, evidently, deep within each of us there's a real desire to rediscover primary situations in relationships."

The unexpected and ironic vagaries of life also seem to inform her sexual moments. Often Wertmuller manipulates sadism, humor and eroticism with the skill and swiftness of a juggler. In *Seven Beauties* there's a scene in the insane asylum where Pasqualino comes upon a passive young woman tied to a bed. He climbs on top of her, fondles her body, peeks under her skirt and begins making love when, quite suddenly, she bites him with surprising violence. In a matter of moments the incident, at root disturbing as a violation of an already-violated, helpless person (on whom Pasqualino assumes he's bestowing a great gift), cajoles us from comedy to sexuality to renewed violence, perpetrated by the "victim"; in the next scene, we see Pasqualino, as a consequence, receiving shock treatments.

Wertmuller insists that her women are her most enlightened characters. The criticism that they live between their legs, that her films are a tribute to the fuck, first amuses her, and when the translation goes awry, she chuckles, "Thank you." But a tribute to the fuck *from a male point of view?* Not at all. While her men are more nearly prisoners of the groin, her women are precisely aware of the dynamics of their situations. For instance, the commandant in *Seven Beauties* returns Pasqualino's whispered declarations of love with a clear understanding of his motives: "You hate me. . . . You want to eat. You hope your love will get you food." Raffaela in *Swept Away* begs Gennarino not to test her because she knows their love doesn't stand a chance once they return to the mainland.

She avoids Rubenesque fat, selecting flesh that's also hairy, moled, sagging with age

Making distinctions between the sexes is a notion that Wertmuller rejects. She insists on a rather optimistic position that fundamentally we are all human beings, that there's no difference between man and woman. "There are natural sexual functions, but the differentiation of sex roles is a societal invention. Which means that woman was invented by the man for his own needs, for service, for taking care of the land. Today's situation is particularly difficult because someone who's in a privileged position naturally does not give the privilege away; he tries to keep it.

"Men are very fragile, and psychologically there's something in nature, in the nature of the semen, which is also very fragile; yet their sense of physical power begins as a projection of their potency or impotence; always, they regard this jump of vital fecund energy as an affirmation of ego. Women, on the other hand, are a great strength; if they decide, they can just wipe out society like this." She snaps her fingers. "It's necessary to be very very careful. Because to destroy is so much easier than to build."

The multiplexity of the confrontation between Pasqualino and the commandant in *Seven Beauties* can be interpreted in the light of the above remarks. The delicate masculine survival mechanism drawing sustenance from a metaphysical and dangerous Mommy; the tenacious "little macaroni" shoving his presence on the mercy of the *vagina dentata* underscores the primacy of their opposition. Even the choreography of the encounter—with Pasqualino rising from between the monolith's doughy white thighs to conquer her body—captures the ambivalence and fear that suffuses relations between the sexes. This imagery is instinctual with Wertmuller; its imagery is hinted at in Fellini but in her work it's painted in broad, grotesque, guttural strokes. At a time in history when relationships between the sexes are in such a state of flux, I can't think of anything more urgent to explore than this mythology which is so deeply rooted in our psyches, libidos and souls.

Wertmuller's primal intuitions, and the fruition of these intuitions in the bizarre vortices of her screen tapestries (and most especially *Seven Beauties*), are so flamboyantly grand, the risks she takes are so daring, that she sometimes blinds us to the nagging ambiguities and irritating assumptions she makes about human nature and politics. Although Pasqualino's survival in *Seven Beauties*, even as a shell of a man, could be read as a tribute to man's indomitable spirit—out of excrement a flower shall grow—in conversations with both Wertmuller and Giannini it's quite clear that they intended something else entirely. Giannini explains the character this way: "Pasqualino is a vital man, a man desperate to live at all cost. But if a man has to live as Pasqualino has decided to live, then he was born a monster and ends up worse than a monster; it would have been better if he'd killed himself first or were killed."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANTI VISALLI/PHOTOREPORTERS

Shooting *Seven Beauties*: Wertmuller (left in window) and Giannini (right).

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANTI VISALLI/PHOTOREPORTERS

The anarchist gives Pasqualino a lesson in life ("We get indignant over 20 or 30 million dead, but in 300 years there'll be 30 billion. Whole families will be slaughtered for an apple"), and Pasqualino understands the lesson wrong. At the end he says, "I want to have children, many children. . . . We have to defend ourselves." He forgets that the lesson says we must be very few.

The lesson isn't especially clear to the audience either, first because Wertmuller's treatment of Pasqualino-Giannini encourages us to respond to the sweet and suffering part of his character rather than to the meretricious; second, because the anarchist, ostensibly her voice of truth, is on screen so briefly, and during that time we learn nothing of his humanity or individuality, even if he's her audio-visual lesson vocalizing the "correct" attitudes.

Offscreen Wertmuller relates her point of view more crisply. "The real Pasqualino lives in Italy, has 15 children from different wives and works as a movie extra," she says. "The whole story has so many pages of horror, but the worst is the fact that he's still alive." Apart from what critics have said and what audiences take away with them, for Wertmuller and Giannini, *Seven Beauties* advocates—more subtly perhaps than would be serviceable—suicide with dignity, dying like a man rather than living like a mouse.

The human choices Wertmuller gives us then become clear: Die or survive totally corrupted. There's something absurdly simplistic, and even insulting, about such a theme, especially if she chooses the Holocaust as the metaphor with which to depict it. In the death camps millions hung on with dignity and lived; certainly they struggled with their consciences and were forced into atrocities worse than any this film suggests. But they did survive to make their peace in the world. Wertmuller is oddly insensitive to their heroism, to their ongoing faith in the future, their own tormenting confrontations between politics and human nature. For the world of *Seven Beauties*—inside the death house and out—is bleak and unredeemed; only those who die escape corruption. Yet if it's fitting and desirable for the superior intellects and potential heroes to hide their heads in shit, to die because life is oh, too, too cruel, where, then, is salvation? Where, then, are the enlightened souls to lead us out of corruption? Or, if, in the director's preference for anarchy and fear of authority figures, she rejects notions of leadership, what does she envision as a catalyst of change?

When asked to describe the best

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of all possible worlds, Wertmuller makes statements that sound like the Bill of Rights or the Ten Commandments: "Not permitting anyone to live and take advantage of another man. Defending individual freedom. Making sure a person doesn't secure freedom at another's expense," she says adamantly. "Changing the social structure isn't enough because man is the measure of everything. Therefore, if he doesn't develop himself as a civil man, then the world will not change."

The "civil man" to whom Wertmuller—and the anarchist in *Seven Beauties*—refers is someone "who has inside himself the harmony of nature, a man at peace with himself. This is the only solution. . . . We always have the tendency to talk against society, and that's right in a certain way, but we easily forget that *we* are society. We are all society. We can't blame other people, it's only our fault this world is the way it is." The dichotomy: Wertmuller, the optimist, holds her breath that human nature can change; Wertmuller, the pessimist, directs her morally superior characters to play possum through death rather than to wage battle against human malignancy.

It's messy contradictions such as these that puzzle and suggest that Wertmuller is politically sloppy and philosophically naive. Again, in a strange way, I think her instinct works for her and against her theories, since she imbues her characters with antithetic qualities so that they ultimately speak for the conflicted attitudes and hopeful follies of man. Still, they tend to make close inspection of her work as exasperating as it is exciting; dealing with Wertmuller is like drilling a hole in quicksand.

"Everything is politics; human nature is politics," she's fond of saying. Yet wouldn't a politically committed filmmaker insist that her ideas for political or social change be absolutely clear at the fade-out? Wertmuller provokes us because her fine intelligence and fearless understanding of the primitive self dance around a great many ideas, but she never really explores or resolves them when they're politically or even morally directed. Actually, to regard her as a political filmmaker is problematic; she's *not*. Her work deals with anarchism purely as a plot device, and her philosophy—the politics of existential radicalism—really involves a moral dialogue where personal deeds are reconciled through action (salvation for the greater good v. personal survival). The more she expands her politics to me, the more it becomes clear that her intent is cultural rather than sociological; her concerns are individual and moral, not structural; and her potpourri dramatizations either muddy or completely camouflage her ideology.

What would Wertmuller herself have done in Pasqualino's place? Or the anarchist's? Gracefully she sidesteps the issue. "Surely I would have died of fear. But I think it's very important to feel that life is something we choose every day. I don't think suicide is so terrible; in fact, I find it quite vital. Everybody should choose life every day. Some rainy winter Sundays when there's a little boredom, *tedium vitae*, at those moments you should always carry a gun—not to shoot yourself, but to know exactly that you're always making a choice. It's a small cure against anguish, and if the cure fails and you kill and free yourself, it's okay because the world is overpopulated anyway."

What if the depression is temporary and you're trigger-happy? "Ah," she smiles broadly. "You get fucked in the ass." And, more seriously, "The values of life are enormous. It's the worst thing not to use them in the right way. You see so much fear in people's eyes; life is only a half-hour, it's like dancing a waltz."

"I don't think suicide is so terrible. Some rainy winter Sundays when there's a little boredom, you should always carry a gun—not to shoot yourself, but to know exactly that you're always making a choice"

Spending time with Lina Wertmuller is like jumping into an erupting volcano. She's like her films, steamy with animation. She sits, reclines, stands up, jangles, clanks, chuckles and laughs. Her voice is a basso profundo. The phone rings constantly. People walk in, walk out; and the traffic and movement seem to please her, almost as though they duplicate the reassuring commotion of her set atmosphere. ("Lina doesn't like being alone," Orth of *Newsweek* tells me.) The by now familiar trademark, the white eyeglasses, are disconcerting, a manipulate shield of sorts, because the lenses are dark and Wertmuller's eyes are hidden; it's difficult to tell whether she's dead serious, deadpan or dead tired.

Yet the director wants to please. *"Molto bello,"* she flatters one female interviewer, "you're so beautiful, such beautiful hair." To another she's also effuse: "Sandra Milo, you look just like Sandra Milo—*molto bello*. If I were a man, I'd ask you to dinner tonight; as a matter of fact, if I were the kind of woman who liked women, I'd. . . ." A male journalist returns from her hotel, glowing: "She said she couldn't stop staring at me. She thought my face. . . ." It's as if the director were manipulating a performance, courting a response, a softening, by favoring vanity; the device is gorgeously Italian, quite shrewd and also amusing in retrospect. But there's something else about it. Beneath the complete control, beneath the swagger and wit that cleverly swerves past some questions and comically distorts others, Wertmuller is genuinely anxious, genuinely eager to please. The gesture is thoughtful; it's frivolous, and a nice adult paradox about a person who, if we're to believe the tale as she tells it, began shocking her public at age 3, is still doing so, and savoring the effects.

"Stupendo!" Wertmuller exclaims on hearing how outraged one critic felt at the end of *Seven Beauties*. "That's why my films are very good in America. They shock the public, and the audiences learn to see things in the right perspective. Even in Italy bourgeois women attacked me." *"Stupendo!"* she responds to the assessments that *Seven Beauties* is a masterpiece. Simply, "I'm glad it's reaching the people."

Lina Wertmuller's bizarre aesthetic—sometimes messy, unbridled like a great, loosed dam of water—is a vision full of the humors and ironies of life, rich in the complexities of human nature, aware of the grotesqueries of power maneuvers. For Wertmuller, the tragic and the grotesque are two faces of the same game: life. "Our only defense is to be able to laugh at it," she points out.

She calls herself both a "terrified optimist" and a cynic. "I have a lot of faith in man. I'm also curious to see how this race between man and society will proceed, what the outcome will be. Maybe I'll be put under ice—you know the process of cryonic suspension? Even in Italy they have this society which freezes you alive when you're 102. . . ."

Alive?

"Yes. I want to wake up for only five minutes. . . ."

To make one more film?

"To see how things have changed and the world has evolved. Then I'll go back to sleep. Peacefully."

At the thought, she roars. *Basso profundo.* ●

Movies

Hollywood babble-on
By Richard Corliss

In its heyday, Hollywood synthesized the American dream. Now, when it seems the only things Americans share are not hopes but fears, Hollywood has taken to marketing its memories. When American movies aren't reworking tired genres (screwball comedy in *Lucky Lady*, detective spoofs in *The Black Bird*), they're scavenging their own gilded history. The Bicentennial year will see big-budget biographies of Rudolph Valentino and W.C. Fields, and mythologized incarnations of Irving Thalberg and Rin Tin Tin. If current examples—*Gable and Lombard* and *Inserts*—are any indication, the new Old Hollywood movies will be either soggy elegies or searing exposés. But they won't try to describe how an industry could occasionally manufacture art; they won't discover the pain in nostalgia.

The Seventies will probably be remembered (if we survive them) as a period so effete it had no definitive style—only hand-me-downs from other decades—and so cynical that it lost the burning need for contemporary heroes. With the Camelot legend revealed as a sordid fiction, the already shredded image of the Politician As Superstar Statesman has finally been interred. Athletes are insubordinate; clergymen are insignificant; businessmen are indicted. Daniel Moynihan is just Hubert Humphrey with a shillelagh; Ralph Nader is too humorlessly intense to be claimed as a hero by the Johnny Carson Era. The Pantheon is depleted of deities. And so, as always in the recycled Seventies, we turn to the mythical past of a generation ago, in search of G-rated gods and goddesses. And Gable and Lombard fill the bill.

Clark Gable was a good-looking guy whose seemingly effortless masculinity appealed to both sexes—"a man's man, and women loved him for it," as Greer Garson has said. Carole Lombard was a deft and attractive comic actress. For three years before their marriage in 1939 they lived together more or less openly, while waiting for Gable's estranged wife to give him a divorce. Lombard died in a plane crash in 1942; Gable remained a star until his death in 1960. Reading a trio of books on Gable and Lombard is like wading through the Synoptic Gospels as they might have been written by Hedda, Louella and Rona; yet all the biographies agree that Gable was an indifferent (if promiscuous) lover, and that Lombard was never as popular a star as, say, Sonja Henie or Jane Withers.

But *Gable and Lombard* is out to canonize, not criticize. Ambrose Bierce defined a saint as "a dead sinner, revised and edited," and the movie's confectioners have whipped up a pretty pastiche as far as Gable's sex drive and Lombard's box-office pull are concerned. Lombard's most famous crack about Gable—that he was "a lousy lay"—becomes "You're pretty good in the hay." Freud's name is invoked more often than Thalberg's, but no one mentions that Gable's first two wives were mother figures (respectively 14 and 19 years older than he) whose wealth and professional contacts helped establish him in show business. At the beginning of the film, in 1936, Lombard tells us: "Look, I was voted the Number One Female Star in America, I make over $4,000 a week and I've never said 'I love you' and meant it"; the salary may be right, but Lombard wasn't even the Number One Female Star at her own studio (Claudette Colbert was a bigger Paramount draw), and at least one reporter believed Lombard when she confided toward the end of her life that singer Russ Columbo, who died before she took up with Gable, "was *the* great love of my life."

These distortions of fact wouldn't matter if *Gable and Lombard* reflected some kind of truth. But it doesn't. The movie is a sophisticated machine designed to extract cheap laughs and easy tears from its subjects; it's schlock therapy raised to a precise science. And judging from the reaction of the audience I saw the film with (a sneak-preview audience that paid $4 for an advance look at an unknown quanti-

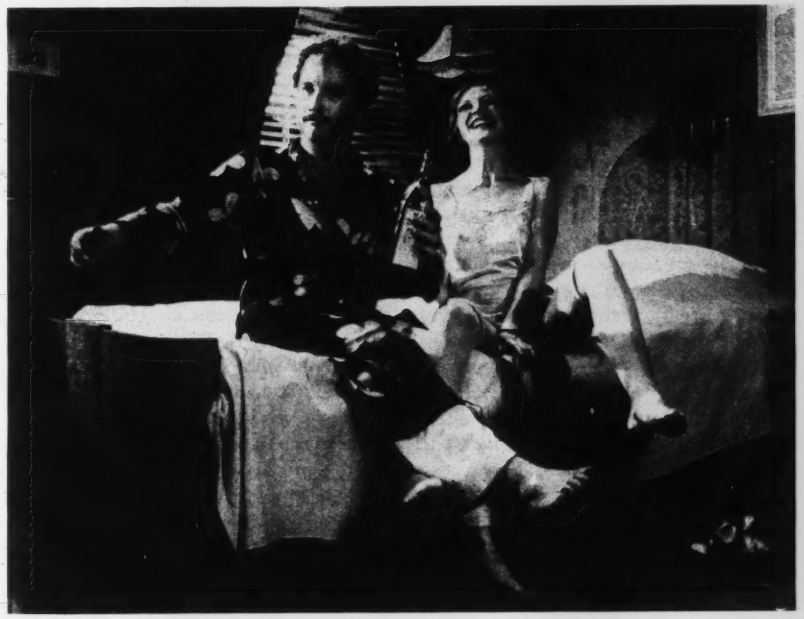
Brolin and Clayburgh: Recycling Hollywood with makeup and violins.

ty), I'd say the technologists at Universal can be proud of themselves. The preview crowd had fun anticipating the plot turns; they cried as the trilling violins came in under Lombard's first declaration of love for Gable; they burst into applause when Gable gave Lombard a strawberry shortcake in the puss; they cheered when Lombard shouted "Screw 'em!" in the face of the philistine matrons' upset at a pair of movie stars "living in sin"; they practically gave Gable a standing ovation when he told Lombard, "I'm proud of you." Maybe this audience enjoyed reliving the simple emotions and tacky chic of the

Thirties. Maybe TV has conditioned them to accept—even appreciate—comedy as urbane as *The Dumplings* and characters as full of ironic nuance as the Waltons. Maybe they just like being pandered to, or being used.

Gable and Lombard is an anthology of Thirties genre conventions. It begins as a screwball comedy (the kind Lombard was so adept at), with Carole as the smarmy movie star and Clark as the poor but handsome bit player about to make good. Then the movie turns into a two-kids-in-love-and-against-the-world soap opera. And at the end, after Pearl Harbor, it threatens to turn into a war movie. (Lombard to Gable: "Honey, did you hear on the radio? It's awful. We surrendered Corregidor.") The Thirties was a terrific decade for movies, especially comedies, but you'd never guess it from this Art Deco whitewash. The two stars spend most of their time trying to out-noble each other: Gable with a show of laconic machismo, Lombard with a flighty recklessness that, of course, ill conceals The Depth of Her Feeling. The dialogue in this movie is saltier, but the sentiments are as sugary as any in *Back Street*—or, for that matter, *Love Story*, another rip-off of the Thirties with the same basic plot (nice boy, foul-mouthed girl, happy marriage, early death, requiem). *Gable and Lombard* doesn't apologize for plundering good movies and bad without being able to distinguish between the two. But then, cynicism means never having to say you're sorry.

James Brolin's Gable is a triumph of cosmetics: He looks almost alive, as mourners say of a carefully rouged corpse. Brolin walks and sounds like Gable; he's mastered Gable's trick of squinting and pursing his lips; his facial resemblance is as eerily exact as the Disney World Auto-Animatronic Nixon is to the real Slippery Dick. But Brolin can't transcend the impersonation, can't work his way into Gable, because the Makeup Department has already encased him there; he's trapped under another actor's skin. Here, imitation is the sincerest form of flatulence. Jill Clayburgh's Lombard has a bit more freedom. The studio evidently decided against plastic surgery in her case, maybe because Lombard isn't so well-known today. (In fact, Clayburgh looks a lot like Jean Arthur, the most charming and accessible of all movie comediennes.) But Clayburgh, like Brolin, is still chained to a script that allows its characters only one easily definable emotion at a time, and to direction as subtle as a joy buzzer. Make no mistake: *Gable and Lombard* is a terrible movie—and it will gross $50 million quicker than you can say *kitsch*.



Dreyfuss and Cartwright: Confined by the patterns of their own clichés.

An earlier Gable—the bit player from Pathé—is an off-screen eminence in John Byrum's *Inserts*, a bizarre failure with a certain awful fascination. In mood and method, *Inserts* resides in a seedier neighborhood than the Universal smasheroo—somewhere near Hollywood and Vile. The year is 1930, and the upstart talkies, while exploiting Gable's proletarian sex appeal and Lombard's Grand Marnier voice, have condemned a lot of talented actors and directors to early exile. The Boy Wonder (Richard Dreyfuss) is one such burnt-out hotshot, reduced to directing silent porn movies for a pint-sized gangster. His leading lady dies on him; his leading man walks out on him; and The Boy Wonder, who hasn't achieved an erection since the world premiere of *The Jazz Singer*, now faces the challenge of shooting the unfinished film's hard-core "inserts" with the mobster's proper young fiancée.

Gable's contribution to *Inserts* consists of one statement he's supposed to have made about The Boy Wonder ("I'm good, but he could make me great") and a couple of portentous knocks on the director's door! Who teaches screenwriting to these people? Barry Sandler, author of the "original screenplay" for *Gable and Lombard*, obviously mastered his craft by reading old *Screen Stories* novelizations of Ross Hunter movies; John Byrum seems to have learned everything he knows about dramatic form from Eugene Scribe, the 19th-century master of the "well-made play." *Inserts* has a verbal and plot structure appropriate to the stage, but not to film: one set, two acts, only five characters, clumsy exposition, self-conscious exit lines, stylized repetition of dialogue. I know that old-fashioned plays are still written (like Jason Miller's *That Championship Season*), but a movie that sounds like cut-rate O'Neill is, you will admit, a genuine curiosity.

What are we to make of an underworld entrepreneur named Big Mac whose dream is to open a chain of identical hamburger stands? Or a mortician-*cum*-porn-actor who refuses to have sex with a cadaver because it would ruin his "reputation in the funeral business"? Or a world-weary ingenue who tells The Boy Wonder, "You can afford to be funny; my sense of humor has been bought and paid for"? Or The Boy Wonder himself, who is given to such profundities as "Your whole life is a rhetorical question" and "Nothing pure is ever simple"? Let's give *Inserts* more than it deserves and say that the characters are ensnared in their various roles even as they are confined by the rhythmic patterns of their own clichés; and that the dialogue, passed from one character to another like a low-quality joint at a dull party, is meant to symbolize their pathetic interdependence. That might make sense if Byrum had

developed a claustrophobic, ritualized directorial style to complement the verbiage. But his *mise-en-scène* is as slack as his dialogue is muscle-bound.

A tiny "and yet": two stubbornly adroit performances, by Veronica Cartwright as the doomed porn star and Jessica Harper as the fiancée. Cartwright, with her flapper face and squeaky voice, is the ghost of silents past; Harper's large eyes and Lombardian register make her the spirit of talkies future. Together they are capable of genuine movie alchemy, transforming Byrum's leaden mannequins into something like gold. My guess is that Cartwright and Harper achieved their feat without much help from their director, for Byrum gives Richard Dreyfuss too long a leash. Taking his cue from the script's theatricality, Dreyfuss plays to the back row of the movie house—which may be just as well, since the only people likely to see *Inserts* are the ushers.

Movie moguls will surely learn something from the "success" of *Gable and Lombard* and the "failure" of *Inserts:* that Hollywood, if it wants to make money, should send itself Valentines and not letter bombs. Self-criticism is self-defeating for a narcissistic industry that inflates, and thus romanticizes, its own cynicism. In the past movie year, *The Wild Party* built a Bloomingdale's *gotterdammerung* out of a second-rate silent comic's career problems; and *The Day of the Locust* turned Nathanael West's understated prose into an apocalypse staged by De Mille. Even the low-key *Hearts of the West,* with Jeff Bridges as a novice writer in the lower reaches of B-moviedom, had to struggle to show a modest profit. Audiences obviously want to see their stars as heroic and outsized—and no matter if they have no greater emotional depth, or move with no surer subtlety, than King Kong.

H. L. Mencken may have been right when he said that "No one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public," but movie critics may be wrong in underestimating the canniness of the Hollywood producer. I'd guess that *Gable and Lombard* is no worse a movie than its producers wanted it to be; the film's meretriciousness is carefully calculated, almost calibrated. And it is pointless to deny the popular appeal of this sentimental dreck—pointless for me, anyway, because I'm not completely immune. Lumps have been known to lodge in my throat during any number of media provocations that have nothing to do with Art: Maude & Walter Findlay reconcile after 30 minutes of bickering; "The Blind Man in the Bleachers" watches from heaven as his son becomes a football star; James Brolin delivers the final line of *Gable and Lombard*—and instead of choking on this schmaltz, I choke up on it. The only difference between me and "the American public" is that I dislike myself for responding, however involuntarily, and resent movies that tap this response. Fifty million moviegoers will probably not mind that *Gable and Lombard* evokes ersatz emotions; they may even prefer it. No one ever went broke selling Pringle's potato chips either.

Music

Dion comes wandering back

By Janet Maslin

This is quite a place, this Golden Banana: It doesn't often happen that, when you dial information to get a club's number, the operator privately advises you to stay home. Located behind a gas station along a particularly lively strip of highway in Peabody, Massachusetts, the Golden Banana features strippers by day and one of the worst bar bands in captivity in the evenings. ("Li'l Chicago forya," announces an out-of-tune organist who looks like death warmed over. "Get-down-funky-time.") But this week, heralded only by his appearance on an early-morning TV talk show, Dion DiMucci—formerly of Dion and the Belmonts, the Bronx and the sock hop era—is the headline attraction. The rear stage wall bears this out, having been decorated with huge purple and silver cardboard letters spelling out his first name. And at the side of the stage wait two girls desperate for his autograph, while a third wants to tell him that this is the seventh anniversary of the day she decided he was the most important thing in her life.

Dion looks a little confused when he hears this (how would *you* look?), but when it comes time to do the show he's comfortable and self-assured. The set includes the obligatory oldies—"Runaround Sue," "The Wanderer," "Ruby Baby," "A Teenager in Love"—and it's pretty much the kind of thing Dion could do with one lung tied behind his back. But he presents his material amiably, interspersing such friendly street-corner reminiscences and jokes about the Fifties, that the SRO audience of several hundred cuts its boozy chatter to a surprising minimum. Even under these circumstances—which are relatively new to him and, with any luck, strictly temporary—Dion has an unmistakable flair.

He doesn't exactly make fun of the vintage material, but he presents it with a certain amount of levity: At one point in the set he recruits a chorus of volunteers to sing the backing ooh-ooh-wah-ooh's on "A Teenager in Love." ("Be cool, be cool," he instructs them. "Follow me.") But one guy in a black leather jacket, grinning ear to ear and decidedly drunk, refuses to leave after the number, even when Dion jovially exhorts him to "get outta here." A bouncer zeroes in for the kill, but Dion suddenly puts his arm around the drunk and pronounces him "my friend," protecting him until the bouncer is out of range. "Hey," he says later, "what the hell'm I doin', givin' such a message that they gotta throw people off the stage? I could handle him."

Dion doesn't think of himself as much of a heavyweight; in fact, he has a tendency to be unduly modest, which marks a considerable change from the old days. ("Oh, I felt that way too," he tells a fan who thought Dion was just the greatest in the days of "Runaround Sue.") Perhaps that partly explains why, as Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons enjoy a string of hit disco singles, Paul Anka plays Vegas and collects fabulous writing royalties, Neil Sedaka is promoted and accompanied by Elton John and Bobby Vinton hosts a TV series (even Del Shannon has released a new album lately), Dion hasn't yet shared in the new success of his fellow early-Sixties crooners.

Or maybe it's just a matter of be-

ing in the wrong place at the right time. Dion began playing dates like these a few months ago as an antidote to both the folk clubs he had habituated since 1968, the year of his last hit single, "Abraham, Martin and John," and huge oldies shows where he felt "like I had to imitate myself when I was sixteen." At least nobody screams at him here, and he gets to stand up instead of playing acoustic guitar on a stool. Still, watching him perform in this setting, one can't help noticing how wildly incommensurate his abilities are with his circumstances.

Dion doesn't think his more recent records reflect him accurately, either. More so than ever, his vocals have a slurry, beautifully liquid quality (he is a superb scat singer) that risks sounding shapeless if not used carefully; no matter *how* well he sings, Dion is such a natural that he never seems to be really trying. So when his first series of hit singles tapered off in 1963 and he began to record his own relaxed arrangements of a surprising selection of songs (there's a version of "Purple Haze" that even Jimi Hendrix barely recognized), he sounded sadly eloquent but a little vague. When he resurfaced years later, after a hiatus devoted to conquering a drug problem, starting a family and generally calming down, he quietly applied a similar approach to material that was either his own or uncannily right for him. His post-"Abraham, Martin and John" albums on Warner Brothers are serenely, languidly pretty, yet never spineless; there's always a piquant hint of pain to Dion's music, and a subtle trace of authority. *Sanctuary*, the best of the lot, came out in 1972 and has since remained "a well-kept secret," according to its singer and partial composer. The title cut, which is particularly lovely, recalls the gentle ruefulness and understated longing of "Abraham, Martin and John"; both were written by a Mobile, Alabama, songwriter named Dick Holler, whom Dion first encountered when Holler was living in a van and following around baseball teams. According to Dion, Holler is also unaccountably responsible for "Snoopy vs. The Red Baron."

"Sanctuary" is such a haunting song that it's hard to understand why it never succeeded as a single. Certainly almost no one ever heard it, and the problem may indeed have only been under-promotion, but Dion doesn't see it that way. He thinks his Warners albums must have been self-indulgent, both because they were so modestly produced and because they didn't sell. But there is another Warners album about which he may be even less happy: Dion once received a call telling him that Phil Spector wanted to produce him, and that wasn't the kind of request a kid who cut his teeth on Spector's records could turn down (another influence on him then was Hank Williams, surprisingly enough). The album is a year and a half old, but Spector hasn't okayed its release in America yet, and Dion isn't sure how he feels about the whole thing. "It wasn't a *pleasant* experience," he says, "but it was an experience." Whenever the Spector album is finally released here, it's bound to be misleading as to Dion's future possibilities. The last thing he needs right now is to work with a strong or domineering producer; instead, he hopes to find someone who can shape his music more selflessly.

Dion: in the wrong place at the right time, with unmistakable flair.

Right now, the smart money says Dion won't be on the Golden Banana circuit much longer, because the right kind of attention is beginning to gravitate his way. He did a guest spot on a *Cher* show recently, and, if the offers he's begun to receive since then are any indication, he surprised a lot of people by turning out to be anything but a has-been. Not all the notice has come from within the music business, either; *Rolling Stone* is due to publish a lengthy piece about him by Richard Price, the young novelist whose book about Bronx street life, *The Wanderers*, made a lengthy reference to the activities of the borough's meanest, most dreaded gang, the Fordham Baldies. In addition to his other early credits, Dion was once a Baldy himself.

Dion is still skinny, and he still looks a little tough as he dresses all in black for the show and jokes about how "the guys in my neighborhood didn't have to play at it—born animals." Then he talks a little about his family, making affectionate mention of his three daughters—"maybe you'll see 'em some time up here, shakin' the tambourine." And then he gets ready to do a version of "Your Song," talking deferentially about Elton John. "I can't do this song like him," he says simply, and then offers a lovely, understated rendition of his own. He sings carelessly, easily, as though he weren't even trying, and once again the audience stops drinking and quiets down. Maybe the hush comes from imagining what Dion could sound like if he really put his heart into it and luck went his way.

*****Songs For The New Depression,** *Bette Midler* (Atlantic). Hard-core devotees may be disappointed by this relatively subdued offering, but those who have eyed Midler with suspicion should be glad she's calmed down. Not *too* calm, though; her rousing, vigorous disco version of "Strangers in the Night" makes for potent mood music and should serve as a lesson to those who think good disco adaptations are easy. (There's certainly more to it than simply setting "Amazing Grace" to the right rhythm.) Her version, with Bob Dylan, of "Buckets of Rain" is either a desecration or screamingly funny, whichever you choose. But when Midler quiets down, she isn't that strong or distinctive a stylist; on ballads here particularly, she tends to drown in her arrangements.

******Steppin' Out,** *Gary Stewart* (RCA). Tense, sexy and improbably good-humored, Stewart sings country material in a style not far removed from rock and roll; as such, he ought to appeal tremendously to a broad pop audience that may not have even heard of him yet. He's got good taste in material, too; he borrows here from Danny O'Keefe, Lefty Frizzell and Willie Nelson, supplying a few excellent tunes of his own as well.

****Hot Chocolate** (Big Tree). Not all of this black and white British soul combo's material is up to their hit single, "You Sexy Thing," or the similarly powerful album cut, "Amazing Skin Song," but the highs are worth the filler. Lead singer Errol Brown has a truly original edge of hysteria, and he modulates it most effectively.

Television

Mary Hartman, the 66 44/100% pure soap

By Tom Nolan

The residents of mythical Fernwood, Ohio, live on a television sound stage in Hollywood, California. For 11 hours each day, five days a week, they labor to create 27 minutes of videotape that will reflect through a crazy lens the tempered joy, pervasive anxiety and non sequitur insanity of life in these United States. This is the world of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, and after entering it the rest of us can never be the same again.

The stage is divided into a number of sets. It is Mary Hartman's kitchen that is lit this afternoon. See the subtle riot of floral patterns in the wallpaper, the pot holders, the table's paper plates. See the floor's waxy yellow buildup. See a big, newly frosted chocolate cake coming into frame. See Mary Hartman in a perky blue gingham dress and apron, carefully carrying the cake to the table for a celebration which will make everything all right. A knock at the door; it's Mary's father toting a lunch bucket.

"Come in, Daddy! Welcome to the party!"

For a moment Mary has reverted to childhood and is bringing her father with her. Now sister Cathy breezes in, wearing a kind of Peruvian carcoat, and begins describing the fabulous first night she has spent with her deaf-mute boyfriend.

"I don't want to hear this!" the father shouts, retreating to the corner with his cake. Mary does want to hear; her hand shoots to her mouth in a palsied gesture conveying her dual impulse to placate the father and to urge the sister on with the story.

"Why was it fabulous?" she murmurs. "What did he do that was so fabulous?" Then she remembers her father and, with a wild-eyed stare, calls to him, "How's the cake, Dad?"

He answers, "Fabulous."

Crew members stifle chortles as the tape rolls. Actors blow lines, begin again, need to be reassured that the better of two takes will be used. The pace on the sound stage is leisurely breakneck. Lunch is grabbed from a sandwich truck parked in the alley outside. Fernwood's residents are hopping to keep the rest of the country supplied with its daily fix of *Mary Hartman*.

Not since the Watergate hearings have so many Americans seemed to share a common preoccupation. Fans of the show are a devoted lot. In cities where *Mary* is shown at night, followers either arrange to leave dinner engagements early or simply stay at home. Where the show is broadcast during the

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

day, *Hartman* addicts find ways to rearrange their afternoons around it. In Baltimore, a radio deejay keeps his listeners appraised of each episode's developments. The marquee of a Southern California roast beef stand reads, "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman, we love you, we love you." A bar in Boston offers a communal *Mary Hartman* half hour. In Los Angeles, where every second stranger has a finger in the show biz pie, it is nearly impossible to eat in any restaurant without overhearing someone speaking the program's title.

Among its partisans a debate persists as to the nature and appeal of this strange new form of TV. Is this intended to be a soap opera? A parody of soaps? A black humor sitcom? A satire on everything America holds dear?

On both Coasts, where it is seen at 11 p.m., *Mary Hartman* has consistently equaled or bettered the late night news ratings. In those cities, the show affords a welcome alternative to the bedtime dose of gloom we had come to accept as our just deserts. Yet *Mary Hartman*'s world is made up of the same daily trauma it serves as an antidote against: mass murder, crippling accidents, V.D., epidemics, sex crimes, drug abuse. These subjects are presented in a scatter-shot pattern that allows us to laugh even as we gasp at the overload of problems and decisions forced upon Mary, her family and friends by their society and their own neuroses. No sooner has one tremor been weathered than its after-shock breaks the rest of the crockery. Using an anything goes mix that includes sketch humor, melodrama, sight gags and existential ambivalence, *Mary Hartman* giddily teeters on the brink of truths as unsettling as any psychodrama's. In a world where Mop & Glo takes as much space in the morning paper as a skyjacking, Mary's confused sense of priorities affords a shock of recognition: In the midst of worrying about her kidnapped daughter, she ponders the merits of freeze-dried vs. perked. Fernwood's a whacko place all right, but it's real.

Some of the best and most complex scenes have been dialogues between Mary and her husband, Tom, an affable, evasive schlemiel whose stunted emotional growth is symbolized by the baseball cap he wears at the age of 30-plus. One long bedroom fight crystalized the brilliance this show can achieve. The quarrel was the result of the couple's attempt to discuss the causes of temporary separation. But as Tom and Mary circled the issues, the real content was the evasion, defenses and counterattacks that constitute the emotional life of their union. Lines from quarrels we all have had were paraphrased by the unhappy Hartmans, and even as they inspired laughter they reminded us of our own ploys, dependencies, failings. Tom shouts! Mary screams! Then she's crying. Suddenly she makes a decision: She can no longer

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put up with "the pain and humiliation—the humiliation and the pain." Their marriage is over. Faced at last with a real change, Tom nullifies it by pulling Mary down onto the bed. The scene ends with a joke, as Mary murmurs, "This is the first time you've touched me in eight weeks and three days." Throughout, the alternating currents of comedy and drama evoke near-simultaneous laughter and poignance. No wonder viewers are unsure what kind of show they are watching. They never know what's coming at them next. Like with real life.

The complex nature and appeal of the show is reflected as well in the views of those engaged in its making. On the set of *Mary Hartman*, just as great a division seems to exist concerning the serial's fundamental character and direction. The heroine's psychic makeup and future, for instance, prompts a diversity of speculation. Al Burton, the show's creative supervisor, thinks that as future episodes are taped "Mary is going to do something about showing the 34-year-old women who have to cope with what she copes with that life has rewards to offer. Mary is going to set an interesting but, nevertheless, a *good* example of American womanhood." Which is not far from the kind of uplifting messages dispensed by any number of "socially relevant" run-of-the-mill sitcoms. Ann Marcus, who with Jerry Adleman and Daniel Gregory Browne writes the show, regards Mary with an ironist's optimism. "She's sort of crossing the prairie in her own kitchen. Every time she takes a step forward, something will knock her back, but she's invincible."

The actress who brings Mary to life has an infinitely more sorrowful conception of who Mary is and where she is going. Louise Lasser says, "Mary's as sad as any person I've ever heard of in my life, unless they're in a wheelchair somewhere. This is a person who gets up and dresses in pink and blue, thinking it's all going to be fine—and it just falls down on her every single day. She has a daughter that hates her. She has a husband that won't make love to her. And she's just *trying* to figure out what's wrong with *her*. That's not sad? She's a total victim. But what's sweet and sad about her is that she's a survivor. She survives in a world that may not be worth surviving for."

There are differences as well in the creative team's ideas about what artistic level *Mary Hartman* achieves. Ann Marcus chuckles when told that a *Village Voice* critic has called *Mary Hartman* better art than Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage* (a moment later she asks, "Did he mention the writers' names?"). Her own aspirations are more prosaic. "We wanted to do a funny soap—funny but poignant and meaningful." Louise Lasser, who has worked with Bergman, can't see the show maintaining that consistent a degree of quality, but she does speak in all seriousness of "American Chekhovian scenes" like the one in which Mary and Tom meet at breakfast, the morning after his "failure" in bed. (She: "It's Saturday, Tom. What do you want to do today?" He: "I thought I'd go to the hardware store." She: "I love you very much." He: "That's the worst possible thing you could have said.")

But like everything else about the show, what would seem to be a fundamental difference of opinion works to the show's advantage, with all parties involved free to follow their own muses and inspirations to *Mary Hartman*'s moments of revelation. The show keeps getting better. Directors Joan Darling and Jim Drake have smoothed the edges of a variety of acting styles into a homogeneous blend of players. The scripts seem more dense and self-assured now and have longer scenes that enable the nuances of situations to be explored. Even the context surrounding *Mary Hartman* contributes to its success; a sudden barrage of real commercials in the middle of an episode underscores Mary's subconscious belief that if only she can cook dinner properly her marriage will be saved. (There does seem to be a potential problem in areas where *Mary* is seen in the afternoon. A Virginia station has canceled the show because of viewer complaints about children being exposed to this mind blower.)

It seems somehow fitting that *Mary Hartman*'s future is at the moment a bit ambiguous. Ninety-four individual stations across the country contracted with producer Norman Lear for 26 weeks of the program after all three networks had turned it down. The rates Lear asked the stations to pay for this unknown quantity were necessarily low, and Lear's TAT Productions is reportedly losing money on the show every day. Lear probably will ask more from the stations come renegotiation time, but the imponderables remain: Can the cast and writers maintain the killing grind (a projected 250 episodes a year)? Will Louise Lasser stay with the show when her one-year contract expires? Could *Mary Hartman* be forced off the air by economics even after having proven itself a smashing success? Will this crazy new art form soon become a memory, the greatest collective hallucination we thought we ever saw? And what about Mary's waxy yellow buildup?

Books

Cracking and mending and cracking. . .

By Geoffrey Wolff

Going Crazy *by Otto Friedrich.* Simon and Schuster (383 pp., $9.95).

A Season in Hell *by Percy Knauth.* Harper & Row (111 pp., $6.95).

Whom the Gods Destroy *by John Neary* (403 pp., $12.50).

In a recent novel by Richard Yates, the forefront character returns to New York from a business trip to Chicago and telephones his wife to tell her he will not be home for dinner. She asks why. He explains he is afraid to come home, that he knows if he does he will murder her and their son. He begins a binge, breaks up theatrically and is cast into the psycho ward of Bellevue. There he meets a brilliant young doctor, himself committed as a patient. The doctor knows the ropes, struggles to hold his shattered pieces in place and to convince his fellow doctors of his sanity. In the process of scheming for his re-

lease, the doctor writes his sister a note:

1. —Call Dad.
2. —Call Eric and Mark.
3. —Tell your husband he is a simpering, pretentious little fool.
4. —GET ME OUT OF HERE.

That note strikes me as a remarkable distillation of the character of madness. Its author's brother-in-law is, let's assume, a simpering fool, but the doctor's compulsion to tell this truth is evidence of his mental disability. So, too, in the eyes of his keepers, is the urgency of his all-upper-case command: "GET ME OUT OF HERE," words that sing the very anthem of lunacy. According to the double-bind procedures of the madhouse, one must first acknowledge his insanity before he is considered to be on the mend, and there is no more certain symptom of continuing madness than a declaration of sanity. This is, of course, the root paradox of *Catch-22:* To be excused from a combat mission one was obliged to declare himself mentally incompetent to fly, but the recognition that one must protect himself from danger was evidence of a rational mind. "Orr would be crazy to fly more missions and sane if he didn't, but if he was sane he had to fly them. If he flew them he was crazy and didn't have to; but if he didn't want to he was sane and had to."

The deranged specimen's relationship with his putatively rational observer is the kinship among a man, a distorting mirror and a goofy image. The question which is which—craziness or sanity—is the staple of modern conundrums, a threadbare riddle. It has become too easy to declare that madness exists solely in the eye of the beholder, that one may see insanity either from inside the madhouse looking out or from outside looking in. In fact, there *is* a distinction between a loony tune and a merry melody, though society and psychiatry often cloud it, for different purposes. For the purposes of society, insanity is a function of nettlesome behavior. Frederick Exley was pent up in a New York state mental hospital, a tale wonderfully told in *A Fan's Notes,* for a characteristic he ascribes to an admired friend: Exley possesses and, to the immoderate discomfort of society, exhibits "this Ishmael-like quality, this thing ungroomable, this cowlick in his psyche." Like Randle Patrick McMurphy, that extraordinary character now the joint property of Ken Kesey and Jack Nicholson, he is a pain in the ass, and must be combed out smooth.

For R.D. Laing and his increasing disciples, madness is a benign symptom, and what has been shunned in the name of breakdown should be nurtured in the name of breakthrough. There is no end to such speculation and certitude, and from them little help. Only in the particular case are messages to be found, and sometimes decoded, and even these seem to illuminate only themselves. I have some friends whose quirks and fixations, whose "things ungroomable," redeem them, and I would not wish their dents repaired (though they might). I also have an acquaintance with a woman who from time to time sees the skin and flesh melt from the bones of her hands, as though destroyed by acid, and I wish her deliverance from the torture of this illusion, this trick of the mind against its tenant.

Such a dirty trick of the mind was suffered by Percy Knauth, an editor

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE CIARDIELLO

who in his mid-fifties retired from Time Inc. to work on his own, and promptly cracked. His prevailing symptom was suicidal depression, and it struck him wth overwhelming power from a clear sky and without premonition. He was trying to beach his boat, and could not, and the failure cast him into what he calls, without hyperbole, hell. From that time forward he suffered, whether awake and unable to work or to savor leisure, or lying in bed at night stewing in his sweat, thoughts of suicide his only solace. He could regard his inner turmoil from outside, but could not disarm it: "the only tool I could fight with—my mind" was turned against itself. A repair for Knauth was luckily at hand, chemical therapy, lithium, and it was as abrupt as his fall from composure. The chemical merely controlled the symptoms of his dislocation (a mighty *merely,* let me say); to dig for its cause, if for no other reason than curiosity, Knauth submitted himself to analysis.

Otto Friedrich has attempted in *Going Crazy* the kind of survey of insanity that A. Alvarez made of suicide in *The Savage God:* broad and casual, more responsive to the layman's curiosity than to the specialist's vocabulary, drawing from literature as well as life for representative cases. *The Savage God,* too often homiletic and inclined to drift, was nevertheless redeemed by its urgency: Alvarez, who had once tried to kill himself, wanted to understand why, and why he no longer wished to die. Friedrich seems to have had a good idea for a book rather than a compulsion to understand himself and those of his subjects who have "gone crazy." (His own experience of insanity has been limited to a moment of disorientation near Time's Square, when he forgot how to cross a street for a few seconds, and an episode of ugly drunkenness, when he hit a girl in the face and blacked out the experience.)

He has no convictions about madness, save that we are all a bit mad, at least some of the time, and that our dreams are the expression of our madness. He has no affection for psychiatry, which with justice he sees as principally an exercise in the taxonomy of diagnosis rather than the relief of symptoms. *Going Crazy* is divided into four sections, broken into titled subsections: In such matters the urge to classify is epidemic. But the book has no authentic design and consists of a hodgepodge of anecdotes and legends, most of them in print and well-absorbed by every literate person apt to take up *Going Crazy:* King Lear does a turn, ditto King Laius. The Marquis de Sade's history is told in a manner appropriate for a one-column article in the *Encyclopedia Americana,* while Sylvia Plath's story is reviewed, using bits and pieces of other reductions of her complexity (most notably Alvarez's in *The Savage God*). Joe Louis goes crazy because he can't pay his taxes, and the much-used Scott and Zelda are turned out way past their bedtime to entertain the guests. Bosch (or his painting) goes on the couch with Norman Mailer. This is a freak parade in which the agitated are lumped together with criminal psychotics, writers with mass-murderers, and no labor is invested to distinguish between them. Rhetorical questions are asked: "Do black men go crazy

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in ways that are basically different from white men's madness?" "Do women?" Well, Friedrich decides, yes and no, it depends. Eight years ago, I read Donald Barthelme's "Game," a wonderful story of two armed men, face to face in front of the triggering consoles of our missile silos, the one instructed to shoot the other if he shows signs of insanity. Later I watched them on *60 Minutes* and I never thought I'd again be brought the news. But Friedrich trots out the tale.

"Game," in fact, preempts Friedrich's inquiry and hesitant conclusion: "Meanwhile Shotwell and I watch each other. We each wear a .45 and if Shotwell behaves strangely I am supposed to shoot him. If I behave strangely Shotwell is supposed to shoot me. We watch the console and think about shooting each other and think about the bird. Shotwell's behavior. . .is strange. Is it strange? I do not know. Perhaps he is merely a selfish bastard, perhaps his character is flawed, perhaps his childhood was twisted. I do not know. Each of us wears a .45 and each of us is supposed to shoot the other if the other is behaving strangely. How strangely is strangely? I do not know."

Neither does Friedrich, which is not his fault. What is his fault is his evident indifference to the seriousness of his own questions. His penultimate paragraph betrays his hip-shooting method: "In my talks with people who have gone crazy, I have found that about one third were cured mainly by psychiatry, about one third mainly by drugs" (he interviewed Percy Knauth, and retails Knauth's story) "and about one third (perhaps slightly more than one third) by being left alone to work out their own problems." Were they then all "cured"? What does the word, in such a context, mean? In the desert of *Going Crazy* there is to be found now and then a flower in bloom, such as this quotation from Lara Jefferson, who many years ago suffered the barbarities—including straitjacketing—of what is absurdly called life in what is even more absurdly called an *asylum:* "Here I sit—mad as the Hatter—with nothing to do but either become madder and madder or else recover enough of my sanity to be allowed to go back to the life which drove me mad."

The motion forward to find a way back is not exclusively the procedure of analysis. *Whom the Gods Destroy* narrates a different kind of backward exploration. Its author tells the true story of the Chicago bureau chief of a magazine much like *Life* (for which John Neary worked; Otto Friedrich is a senior editor of *Time*, and thus the authors and many of the subjects of these three current books are coincidental kinsmen). In deference to the penalties society exacts from individuals known to have seen signs and spoken in tongues, Neary gives this man the alias Jack McCabe.

In the spring of 1967, McCabe broke down utterly. Too much work and worry, the abuse of his body and imagination, a preoccupation with death and violence, pushed him over the edge. He began to sense conspiracies in the air, heard sinister messages come through the speaker of his car radio, believed himself to be followed, believed he would soon be assassinated. He flees to New York with his wife—whose "blindness to sinister possibility" enrages him—and his sons. He lavishes money on trifles, drinks himself insensible, sees spies around him everywhere, apprehends plots. That is, he suffers paranoia. Presently he is hospitalized, becomes violently insane, is physically subdued and whacked out with Thorazine, "The Big T."

His story, and Neary's telling of it, are harrowing, as they say of such tales. Neary's technique is to multiply the incidents which provoke and confirm McCabe's lunacy to such number, and to tell them in such minute detail, that they begin to drive the reader mad. No distinctions are imposed upon the events in McCabe's days of madness, so they are perceived by a reader as they were perceived by McCabe. What is achieved by this device is an inversion of that principle of parsimony called Occam's Razor, elsewhere called "common sense." The British cleric Occam many centuries ago insisted that "what can be done with fewer assumptions is done in vain with more." That is, if one hears a truck enter an alley shortly after dawn, and then hears men talking loudly amidst the metal-against-metal clanging of garbage cans; and if garbage collectors are known to make such noises at such times, then according to Occam it is necessary to conclude that garbage collectors are collecting garbage. Such men as McCabe, however, by no means "blind to sinister possibility," hear prowlers, or garbage can lids being taken as shields and weapons, or elephants loose in the alley, or invaders from beyond the ether come to pillage. Madness multiplies assumptions and explanations. (*N.B.*, however, that nothing

in Occam's pinched axiom violates the truth of the wisecrack that just because you're paranoid doesn't mean you're not being followed, and indeed McCabe, today *cured*—as Friedrich would write—believes that he was followed.) Madness is wasteful, labyrinthine in its apprehensions and in its vision of events and motives.

In this, madness resembles the creative imagination, which is itself a license for the expression of what in any other form and context would be denounced as craziness. This, alas, tells us more about art and its nature than about madness and its nature, for it would be frivolous to deny that such a thing as madness exists, or to think of madness solely as an art. McCabe does not feel himself blessed by his madness. Rather, it terrifies him: "Insanity had been there, sensed by him more than throught-about, its presence invisible but nonetheless almost palpable, like a mountain in the fog by the road at night: you know it is there, some gravitational tug by it upon the ions of your soul, perhaps. So McCabe had known the iced peaks of madness lay near him and feared them. . . ."

McCabe has an uncle, here called Ken, who was committed to a mental hospital in Pennsylvania and who received about two dozen blasts of electroshock therapy. McCabe endured 41 days in the bedlam of an Illinois state psychiatric ward, and it almost broke him. His uncle, the mist-shrouded phantom of insanity he so feared, endured 30 years, and when McCabe set him free, he mended himself. This gentle old man had been committed for nothing other than depression (a depression caused by depressing events) and minor eccentricity and shyness. Two mental institutions told him he was insane, and he would not believe it, but finally, temporarily, they drove him mad, and he slipped into a state you might expect from subhuman existence, and squealed and babbled and beshat himself. His salvation was begun by the kindness of a stranger who recognized something in Ken's eyes, some anchor set in reality, and nourished him, just as McCabe was nourished by a fellow patient who defined the ambition of all people well enough to retain any ambition: "You just want to walk like a man, that's all. Just walk like a man."

Surely there are many, many such stories, all *harrowing*, of men like Ken who are guilty of no quirk more menacing than that of "showing home movies up there in his head." And surely psychiatry has monstrous sins and stupidities to answer for, not unlike its sin against Ken:

"The perfect crime had been executed, the perfect murder, with no visible *corpus delicti* whatever. The invisible destruction of a human being had been worked and with it, the simultaneous doing away with the only witness to the act who might be able to testify—against whom and in behalf of whom and in what tribunal? Shit, McCabe thought, it had all been done in the name of the state, in behalf of the state, and at the same time, *for* the patient, in the highest tradition of humane action. A truly victimless crime had been committed, with nothing, no one, not a soul, not a victim. a motive, a clue, left. . . ."

This is surely the message conveyed by Jack Nicholson's extraordinary role in *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and it is a message direct from the Age of Enlightenment: Society is the enemy of sanity to the extent that society represses and alters the impulses of imagination as they are found in man's unfettered, natural, rational state, and if Nurse Ratched would only leave her wards to their own devices, the lame would throw down their crutches and walk again, free men, each according to the dictates of his own odd health. It is an appealing notion, and I yield to no man in my distaste for the humorless, juiceless casuistry of what Nabokov calls the "Viennese delegation," grave-robbers of the imagination who in their assumed majesty presume to explain in polysyllables of graceless sense and stuttering cadence the mysteries of individual men, to translate singularities as though they were mere simulacra of the mysteries of all men who came before, and all who shall follow. These reducers, so wonderfully known as head-shrinkers, believe they see the misty condition plain, can describe it if not cure it. I don't believe them. Nor do I believe Kesey or Laing; I wish they were correct, that we could open the doors of the madhouse and set lunatics free and let ourselves in among them, but I don't believe that madness and sanity are merely two words for a single state—despite Friedrich's casual shrugs and the return of McCabe's uncle to the living. I believe in madness, and do not will it. To read Neary on McCabe was to poke the devil with a sharp stick; I would like to leave this devil of mental possession, or virus, or blinding self-perception, to let it rest.

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You have the right. . .

Final Tribute

By Mark Goodman

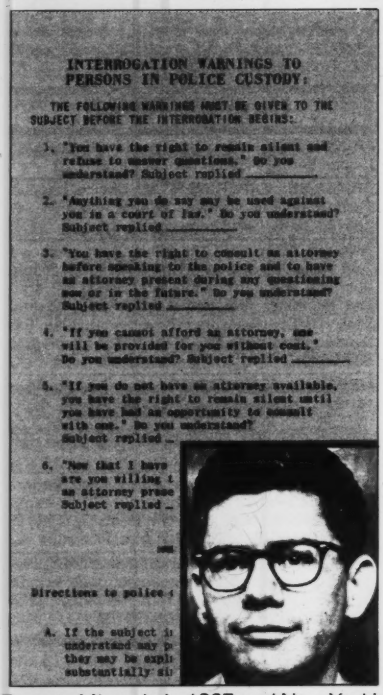
You have the right to remain silent and refuse to answer questions. Anything you say may be used against you in a court of law. You have a right to consult an attorney before speaking to the police and to have an attorney present during any questioning now or in the future. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you without cost.

Those four simple sentences, which seem an obvious extension of the rights guaranteed each American citizen by the Fifth Amendment, have stood for ten years at the center of some of the most strident legal and sociological controversy of the century. Most of us are aware of their existence through the medium of Telly Savalas ("Inform the creep of his rights"), but a distressing proportion of our society hears them daily on the street, in the tenement, in the squad car. They are the rights of the accused as laid down by the Warren Court in 1966 in that famous (some would say notorious) Supreme Court case, *Miranda v. Arizona.*

Ernesto Miranda was, to be blunt, one of America's flotsam, a drifter who had been in trouble with the law since he was old enough to run. In 1963, he was convicted in Phoenix of the kidnap and rape of an 18-year-old girl. Miranda signed a confession without being forewarned of his rights (he later claimed that police made a deal to drop a robbery charge against him if he would confess to the kidnap charge). Because of the impropriety—and not because there was any question of Miranda's guilt—his conviction was overturned by a 5-4 vote of the Supreme Court.

In speaking for the majority, Chief Justice Earl Warren wrote that stationhouse interrogation without counsel was inherently coercive, even without the threat or use of physical violence. Warren stressed that the ruling was not meant to be a "constitutional straitjacket" on police; instead, law enforcement agencies should concentrate on producing evidence against a suspect through detective legwork "rather than the cruel, simple expedient of compelling it from his own mouth."

His decision caused an immediate run on IMPEACH EARL WARREN buttons across the country. The cops quite literally hollered bloody murder. A police chief in Garland, Texas, probably spoke for the frustration most officers felt at the time when he said, "It's the damnedest thing I ever heard of—we may as well close up shop." Melodramatic cartoons sprouted showing handcuffed police and a motherly Warren crooning over criminals in cribs. Fellow Justice John Marshall Harlan angrily predicted "harmful consequences for the country at large."



WIDE WORLD

Ernesto Miranda in 1967 and New York's version of the "Miranda warning" card.

As in most law-and-order battles, the underlying issues in *Miranda* were race and poverty. White stockbrokers who pilfered hundreds of thousands of dollars in bonds did not get roughed up in the back room of a lower Manhattan stationhouse. On the other hand, there was the sorry, sorry spectacle of George Whitmore Jr., the slow-witted young black who was browbeaten over a period of days, without benefit of counsel, into confessing to the sensational Wylie-Hoffert murders (he was later acquitted of the crime when the real murderer was found, but was convicted on another sexual assault charge to save face for some Brooklyn detectives).

Conversely, limousine liberals (ah, the angry catch-phrases of the Sixties) couldn't begin to comprehend the enormity of the task facing U.S. police forces, and there is no question that in the post-*Miranda* era more than a few criminals got off scot-free on technicalities. Unfortunately, this has happened all too frequently to professional criminals, the guardhouse lawyers who know their way around an interrogation and through a loophole. But studies show that first-and second-time offenders tend to spill the beans fairly readily, and the apocalypse predicted by police has not occurred. For one thing, the more conservative Burger Court diluted some of the impact of *Miranda.* For example, in clear violation of the spirit of the 1966 decision, the Burger Court ruled that a suspect could be placed in a lineup without an attorney present *if he had not yet been charged.* Besides, most U.S. police have grudgingly learned to live with *Miranda,* and will even concede that it has forced the badly needed modernizing of crime detection and evidence-gathering methods.

Finally, it must be noted that *Miranda* didn't do Miranda much good: The right to avoid self-incrimination doesn't help those determined to go to hell in their own way. Miranda was retried and convicted (*sans* confession) in the kidnap/rape case, but was paroled in 1972. He spent the next three years barely managing to stay out of jail. He made petty capital of his shabby fame; he carried "Miranda cards" with him, which he autographed and sold for a couple of bucks when he was hard up. Then, on a recent Saturday night, in a glum saloon on Phoenix's skid row, Ernesto Miranda, 34, was stabbed to death over a table of cards. His accused killer, a young Mexican alien, was apprehended several days later, and was immediately read the rights granted him by the man he had slain for $3. ●

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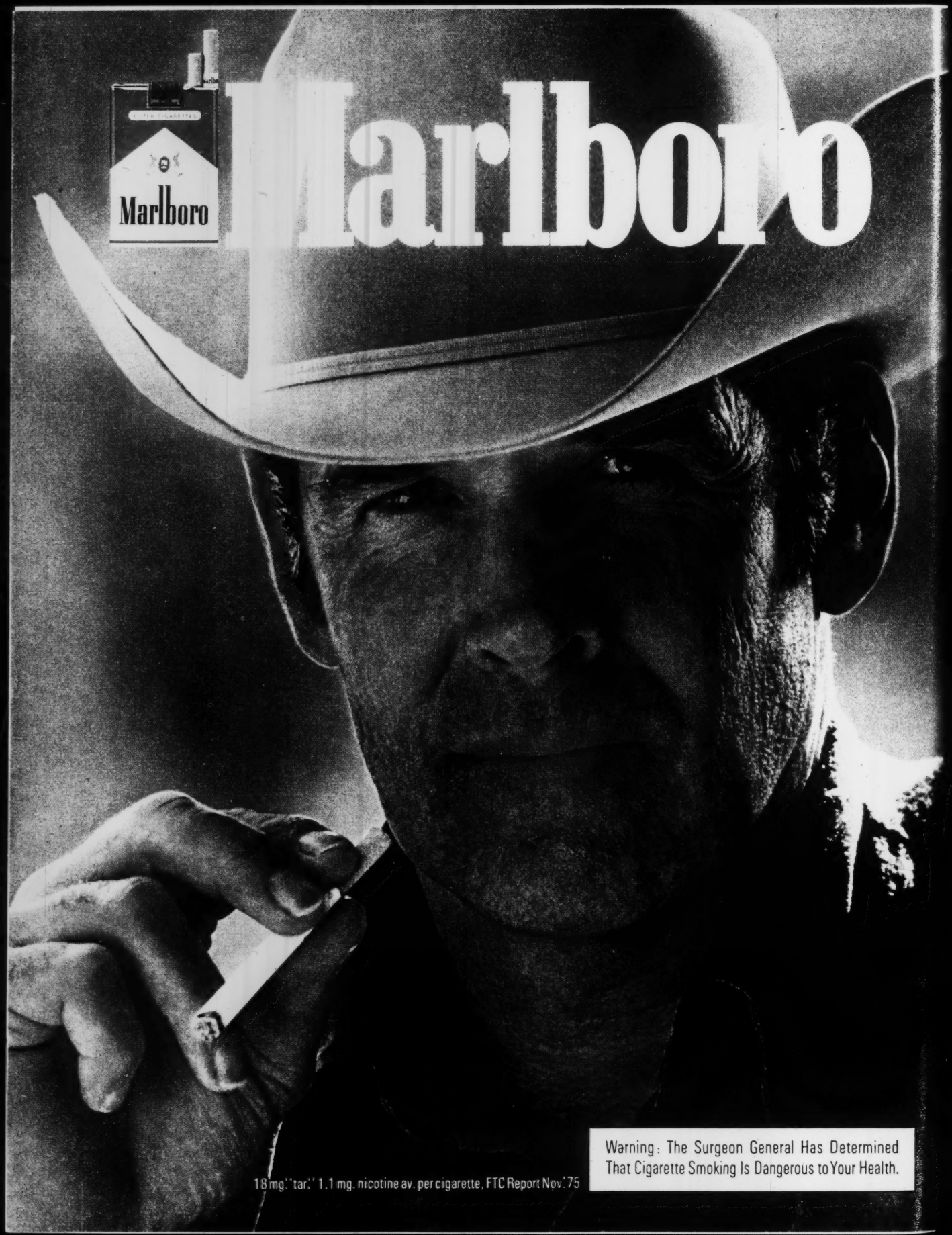
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